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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

THE lark said: "Lo! the winter has gone by;
Buds will be bursting; I shall greet the
spring;

The snow has vanished, and bright days are
nigh;

I soar into the blue, my song to sing."
But ere he plumed his wings for happy flight,
Deep snow came down, and veiled the fields
in white.

The floweret said: "In this warm, sheltered
nook,

My blossom I will spread before the sun,
And he will smile on me with gladsome look."

But the dear floweret, ere the day was done,
Shrivelled before the north wind's frosty
breath,

Trembled, and closed her bright-blue eyes in
death.

The maiden said: "My true love is away;
But soon his ship will come across the foam,
And life will then be lovely, bright, and gay,
And blessed days will gladden our fair
home."

But as she dreamt her happy dreams and
smiled,

His barque went down at midnight dark and
wild.

Chambers' Journal.

WITH STRUGGLE, STRENGTH.

I SET my face to the bitter wind,
And my heart to the freezing sky;
The arrow drift of the sleet may blind
And sting as it hurtles by.

Yet with hot blood coursing to either cheek
From the strong red heart within,
I laugh aloud and sing as I seek
My onward way to win.

For the cold and wind and the pelt of rain
Are a whip to nerve and limb;
And the harden'd frame is aglow again
In spite of their fury grim.

Then hurrah! for the leaden day so dark,
With its steely sleet and hail!
The cumber'd path and the tempest's wrath,
In the roaring wall of gale!

Toronto Week.

A JOURNEY.

I KNOW not whitherward my soul is set —
One strait dark path all life's horizon fills,
Tho' still far-off the unwavering blessed
hills
Flame gold and purple, where the sun has met

Their jubilant upturned faces, and even yet
Laughs the lush meadow bright with daffo-
dils,
Laugh the green valleys with their hurrying
rills,
And smile the angels o'er heaven's parapet!

One strait dark path — and these things are
so fair!

Might I but climb the mountain's gleaming
height,

Dream in the valleys, joy in the sweet light
Of pitying angel-eyes — soul, ask not where
Life's dark path leadeth thro' the gathering
night,

But if at ending God and heaven prove there!
Academy. EVELYN PYNE.

NATURÆ PENETRALIA.

A SLUGGISH little stream that loiters slow
Between gnarled tree-trunks and thick tan-
gled grass

And giant reeds in a deep wet morass
For many a league, screened from the fiery
glow

Of tropic sunlight; here and there a row
Of small red bitterns, sitting patiently,
Watch for the passing of their finny prey,
All silent as the water's voiceless flow;

Flash like live opals through the gloom a pair
Of bronze-winged doves; and in the inmost
heart

Of this deep wilderness, alone, apart,
With mighty limbs outstretched, and half-
shut eyes,

Lord of the pathless forest, dreaming lies
The deadly tiger in his darksome lair.

Spectator. H. C. IRWIN.

"WOULD THY WARM HEART WERE
HUMAN, TOO!"

WOULD thy warm heart were human, too,
O spirit of the Spring!

So should thy softest breezes woo
The souls most suffering.

So shouldst thou bid some frolic air
No longer play so light,
But to foul courts and alleys fare,
Full-charged with Spring's delight;

To whisper what a glory fills
The woodslope to the stream,
Where in the dusk the daffodils
Like flakes of sunlight gleam!

Some air that in the sick man's breast
Like a new life should lie;
Or fan the fevered brow to rest,
And with the dying die!

Spectator. F. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.

SOME NOTES ON COLONIAL ZOOLOGY.

WIDE as is our colonial empire, the scientific interest which attaches to some of its biological features is greater than even its vast extent might lead us to anticipate. The Russian dominion is of prodigious size, yet even if we were to add to it the great empire of China, the two combined would be but zoologically uninteresting and monotonous compared with even half of those portions of the earth's surface which own our sway. In our great Colonial Exhibition care was taken to exhibit specimens of the animal population of our colonies; but, of course, it has been impossible thereby to make known to its visitors their scientific interest. In the following pages we shall endeavor, not to describe the biology of the different regions we own, but to select and notice a few colonial animal forms of special significance.

Ranging over the barren plains which extend north of the Canadian forests, is to be found that singular ruminant the musk-sheep (*Ovibos*), more commonly, but incorrectly, named the musk-ox. Nowhere else does it now exist but in Greenland, yet it is the last survivor of various kinds of warmly clad beasts which once had a very wide distribution. Ages ago it wandered in Asia and central Europe, even down to the south of France, side by side with the large-tusked mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros; but whilst the mammoth thence receded to Siberia, to be entombed in ice and die out, and whilst the woolly rhinoceros also became extinct, the musk-sheep, after vanishing from both Europe and Siberia, still survives in the northern regions of the New World. This instance of an ancient closer connection between the Old World and the New, has much significance. For at a very late geological period horses, camels, elephants, and rhinoceroses, all of which now inhabit (the action of man apart) the Old World exclusively, were then inhabitants of North America. Elephants and rhinoceroses appear to have first arisen east of the Atlantic, but camels seem to have had an American origin and once abounded in the United States, although they are

now only represented in the southern portion of the American continent by their relatively small cousins the llamas. Horses have twice entered upon American soil. From the northern region of the Old World they appear, in the latter tertiary times, to have extended to the northern region of the New, and thence spread themselves onwards to and over South America. Yet they had become entirely extinct long before the time of Columbus, and the vast herds which now inhabit its southern plains are all the descendants of horses introduced—for the second time—by the agency of man.

The racoon, found in Canada, is another animal of much interest. It is so exclusively an American animal that, had the turkey been adopted as a crest over the arms of America, two racoons might well have stood as supporters of her shield. Not only is it American, but it belongs to a small family of beasts of prey—made up of five genera and at least seven species—all of which are without a single representative in the Old World. The forms which compose this small group, closely bound together as they are by the possession of certain common anatomical characters, differ widely from one another in general appearance, structure of the teeth, and other obvious characters related to their respective habits of life; one species inhabiting the forests of tropical America, and called the kinkajou (*Cercoleptes*), being specially fitted for its strictly arboreal life by having a prehensile tail; the end of its tail can be very firmly coiled round the twigs and branches to which it is applied, the part towards the extremity being devoid of hair to enable it to grasp more firmly, and so act as a fifth foot. The species which compose that extensive family of beasts of prey of which the civet cat is the type, are all inhabitants of the Old World only; but the great family of weasels has representatives in both hemispheres, and one representative, of much interest to science, the sea-otter (*Enhydra*), is found in British Columbia. There are three groups of beasts which now swim freely in the ocean, and are either unable to progress on land, or do so with difficulty,

and for short distances only. These are, (1) the great group of whales and porpoises; (2) the very small group comprising the dugong, manatee, and recently extinct rhytina; and (3) the group of seals and sea-bears. The first two groups are so entirely aquatic in organization and habit, that it is at first difficult to believe they can be the descendants of some now extinct four-footed animals. The seals and sea-bears have each four feet, but the hind limbs of the seals can only be employed as fins for swimming, and not at all for walking, as those of the sea-bear can be. So, at first sight, it would seem that we have here a clue to the gradual formation of completely aquatic and marine life, by a gradual descent from animals like sea-bears, to whales and porpoises. A careful study of the anatomy of these animals, however, shows that these three aquatic groups must have descended from three different four-footed stocks, and must have acquired their aquatic habits and organization in entire independence of each other. There are also reasons for suspecting that whales and porpoises descended from beasts more or less allied to swine, and that the dugong and manatee descended from beasts more or less allied to some ancestral elephant-form. What, then, was the probable origin of seals and sea-bears, and had they both one common origin?

The family of weasels (which includes the martens, badgers, glutton, skunks, and others) is so closely allied with the family of bears that they are united together into a larger group of "bear-like animals." Amongst bears, the white bear is very aquatic, as also are all the otters. The conjecture has been more than once expressed that the seals and sea-bears have descended from land animals more or less closely resembling existing bears. This conjecture has been lately confirmed by a careful examination of the brain, which has shown that a special fold of brain substance, the form of which has been compared with an heraldic "escutcheon of pretence,"* is characteristic of the entire

group. But have the seals and sea-bears had one common origin from a single terrestrial form, or have they respectively arisen from two forms, as the whales and porpoises on the one hand, and the dugong and manatee on the other, have undoubtedly arisen from two different terrestrial kinds of animals? The question has been asked whether the sea-bears may not have arisen from a sort of bear, and the seals from a sort of otter, and some points have been noted which go to prove this view. Now the sea-otter of British Columbia is a form of special interest, because it diverges so much from the common otter in its organization, which is still more perfectly fitted for aquatic life than is theirs. Should it be deemed that it thereby favors the hypothesis of the origin of seals from otters, this alone would give it a special interest; but should it be proved that seals had no such origin, the interest for us of the sea-otter would not thereby be lessened, for in that case it would be an illustration of yet another route by which a terrestrial quadrupedal form might descend into the ocean, and form yet another group of completely marine beasts, but one different from and independently of any of those which have in fact been developed.

We have already mentioned the name of the turkey (*Meleagris*), and our colony of Honduras gives its name to a species which is one of the most gorgeous of all birds, outshining the pheasants, which are as exclusively Asiatic as all the species of guinea-fowl are exclusively African. The turkey is not like the musk-sheep, a creature which has survived in America after having enjoyed a more cosmopolitan existence, but, so far as we know, has ever been American and American only; for there is evidence that it was so even in the miocene period. Our more southerly American colonies, such as British Guiana and Trinidad, make us acquainted with certain other kinds of animals which deserve to be noted.

Wandering far south and north of our Central American colonies — namely, from Paraguay to Texas — are the species of pig-like animals, called peccaries (*Dicotyles*). They are very distinct from all

* See the Journal of the Linnæan Society (Zoology), vol. xix., pp. 1-25.

other existing swine in that certain bones of their feet are more consolidated, so that, in this respect, they resemble the group of ruminating beasts. No other animals of the hog family now exist—save where introduced by man—throughout the whole American continent, though forms now extinct once flourished in North America, whence the peccaries descended southwards, so that at the first advent of Europeans in North America its whole extent north of Texas and Arkansas was a completely swineless territory. Another exceptionally interesting animal, the tapir, is found, if not actually in our colonies of Guiana and Honduras, yet in the country intervening between them. In the present day, this strange form of life, which is the survivor of many other kinds now extinct, has a most singular geographical distribution. Two or three species inhabit the warmer parts of America, while the only other known species is confined to the Malay Archipelago. The study of fossil animals, however, explains this singular circumstance, since we now know that tapirs existed in Europe in miocene times, while no such remains of the group have yet, we believe, been discovered in America. It is to be presumed then, that tapirs originated in the north-western part of the older continent, and thence diverged to their present abodes. The warmer parts of America, including British Guiana, also afford examples of sloths, ant-eaters, and armadillos, animals which are not only very strictly American, but, as far as we have any evidence, have ever been so. They once co-existed with gigantic allied forms (*Megatherium*, *Megalonyx*, *Myodon*), which seem to have taken origin in the southern portion of the American continent, whence they advanced northwards to Pennsylvania, and even further, before their apparently rapid extinction—an extinction which at about the same geological epoch seems to have overtaken so many gigantic forms of animal life. Our West Indian colonies are perhaps as remarkable for the absence, as for the presence, of certain animal forms. It is difficult to imagine regions more suited for monkey life than some of those which are to be found amongst the Antilles. Indeed,

that they are so suited is demonstrated by the fact that here and there monkeys which have been imported and have escaped and bred, easily maintain themselves. No kind of ape, however, exists naturally in the Antillean region. It is, of course, quite otherwise in Trinidad, which is not truly what it is often reckoned to be, a West Indian island, but is a detached fragment of the great South American continent. The monkeys of the Old World are entirely distinct from those of the new, and those of the forest regions of America are the only monkeys which develop that special help for arboreal life before spoken of as a "prehensile tail."

Most perfectly prehensile are the tails of those gentle animals called spider monkeys (*Ateles*), as also of those creatures which seem to represent the baboons of Africa, and which are known as howling monkeys (*Mycetes*). In the Old World our possessions bring us in relation with all those apes which most nearly resemble man in structure, and have, therefore, the highest interest for us. In the swampy forests of Borneo we have the sedate and melancholy-looking orang—most man-like as to brain. Inland, from our west-African colonies, we find the petulant and playful chimpanzee—most man-like as to skeleton; and in our Indian possessions we have the gibbons, or long-armed apes—most man-like as to voice. They are also especially man-like in length of leg compared with length of body; while one of them is the only ape which can boast the possession of a chin. The corporeal ancestor of man must have more or less resembled in body all these apes, while diverging in structure from each one of them. So, also, it may well have occupied an intermediate geographical position, and had its home in central or western Asia, if not in southern Europe.

The special interest which attaches to the question of man's bodily ancestry stands alone; but apart from that question, no one of our colonies in America, Africa, or Asia has so exceptional geological interest as have our possessions in New Guinea, New Zealand, and Australia. These three divisions represent,

as it were, three diverse sections of the most exceptional zoological region. New Guinea, with Celebes, the Moluccas, and the islands up to and including the small island of Lombok, constitute the section that comes nearest to the Indian region, which region extends from Hindostan and China, down through the Malay Archipelago, to (and including) the little island of Bali. Shallow seas connect the great Indian islands with the mainland on the one hand, and New Guinea, with its adjacent islands, on the other; and shallow seas indicate a comparatively recent land connection. Deep water, however, separates the islands thus submerinely connected with the Indian continent, from those so connected with Australia. The two small islands just named are thus respectively the outposts of two very different zoological regions, and the limit so marked between them has been named after its discoverer—the distinguished naturalist, Alfred R. Wallace—Wallace's Line. He has* told us how, in passing from one to the other of these two islands, which are but fifteen miles apart, we pass from one set of animal forms to another—that in Bali we have barbets, fruit-thrushes, and woodpeckers, which are altogether absent in Lombok; which, on the other hand, abounds with birds characteristic of Australian zoology, such as cockatoos, honeyeaters, and brush-turkeys. New Guinea, and the islands immediately adjacent (within the hundred-fathom line), are the special home of those creatures which are amongst the most beautiful and most varied of the feathered class—the birds of paradise. From New Guinea we may here pass, in imagination, to that land which has been called the Paradise of Birds—New Zealand. There, previously to the advent of the Maoris, the huge *dinornis* and its congeners reigned in security over an animal population from which the class of beasts was all but excluded. Yet crawling in comparative inconspicuousness amongst those lordly feathered bipeds was a certain lizard which, unlike its great avian fellow-islanders, has survived for the wonder and instruction of our own day, and is now, in the eyes of scientific biologists, the most noted zoological peculiarity of the country. It is a survivor indeed, and represents an unimaginable antiquity; for this lizard, known as *Hatteria* (or *Sphenodon*), is the last living representative of a group of reptiles which have left their

remains in triassic strata, at the very bottom of the secondary system of rocks.

This remarkable animal thus surviving amidst the wreck of worlds so long anterior to that which witnessed its origin, was first noticed in connection with Captain Cook's third voyage, but became known to us through a specimen presented to the British Museum by a Dr. Dieffenbach.* Other specimens soon followed, and some bones which found their way to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, enabled that venerable and sagacious palæontologist, Sir Richard Owen, to point out its affinity to the extinct reptiles above referred to.† A full description of the anatomy of the animal was, however, first given by Dr. Günther,‡ F.R.S., now head of the Zoological Department of our British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington.

Having thus made acquaintance with this ancient lizard, *Hatteria*, a few words may now follow about a point in human anatomy on which the anatomy of *Hatteria* throws an interesting and very instructive light.

The human brain is a voluminous globular mass, the larger and upper part of which consists of two much furrowed lateral masses, separated by a conspicuous median fissure. These masses are known as the cerebral hemispheres, and deeply imbedded beneath them (a little behind and below what is practically the middle of the adult brain) is a small rounded body, about the size of a pea, which is called the pineal gland. This structure is known, at least by name, to many persons who are not anatomists, because Descartes strangely conjectured it to be the seat of the soul.§

In most animals, however, and in ourselves in the earliest days of our existence, the cerebral hemispheres do not extend backwards over the rest of the brain, but are confined to its anterior portion, and thus the pineal gland, instead of seeming to be imbedded in the midst of the brain, lies upon its upper surface. Another small rounded prominence, called the pituitary body, projects downwards from the midst of the under surface of the

* The animal is referred to by him in his *Travels in New Zealand*, vol. ii., (1845), p. 205.

† *Trans. Geol. Soc.*, vol. vii., (1845), p. 64, pl. 6.

‡ See the *Phil. Transactions* for 1869.

§ By such a conjecture Descartes departed altogether from the older view of the soul (which well harmonized with the most advanced modern physiology), and burdened philosophy with a baseless figment (the conception of a soul co-existing with, but distinct from, the living body), which it has cost many an effort and much distress of mind to get rid of.

* See *The Malay Archipelago*, vol. i., p. 21.

brain, and is received into a hollow on the upper surface of a small prominence of our skull floor, known by the singular name of the Turkish saddle. A function much less poetical than that attributed by Descartes to the pineal gland, but equally baseless, was assigned to this body by earlier physiologists. But no rational conjecture of any kind has been put forward as to the function of either of these two curious little bodies which we all of us thus carry about inside our skulls.

Since, however, the theory of evolution has gained the acceptance of all the most competent naturalists, a flood of light has been thrown on many parts of different animals, which parts are, to all appearance, quite useless to them. This light reveals not their present function, but their essential nature and past history. It reveals not what they are, but how they came to be. Such structures are now deemed to be the rudimentary representatives of parts which were of functional importance to their more or less remote ancestors—they are relics which point to antecedent conditions which now exist no longer.

An example of such rudimentary representative structures may be found in foetal whales, which have a set of teeth that never cut the gum, and represent teeth which once effectually aided the ancestors of existing whales to bite their food. Adult whales have also functionless rudiments of hind limbs imbedded in their flesh, which show, no doubt, that their ancestors were quadrupeds.

Again, the minute and useless wing of the apteryx, like the functionless splint-bones of the horse, represent, in a rudimentary way, parts which were of more or less utility to the remote ancestors of those creatures. It would be easy to bring forward a great number of similar illustrations, and to show how, by the study of comparative anatomy and of the development of the embryos of certain animals, light has been thrown on the origin and true nature of enigmatical parts known to exist in other animals. Is it then possible that these studies may reveal to us anything about those curious brain structures of ours—the pineal gland and the pituitary body?

The study of development has indeed made many a strange revelation to us in the course of the past quarter of a century, and amongst its more recent disclosures are some new lights with respect to the pituitary body. We now know that our mouth is not what was the primitive mouth

of the more remote animal progenitors of the human frame, but is an improvement and addition, and the pituitary body turns out to be, not a true brain structure, but an adjunct of some kind to the mouth in its anterior condition. Its exact nature, however, is still a matter for investigation. Till quite the other day no conjecture worth anything could be made with respect to the true nature of the pineal gland, but now a quite new and a wonderful revelation has occurred respecting it, and one much more satisfactory than that we as yet have respecting the pituitary body. Before, however, considering this revelation, it will be well first to glance briefly at certain very inferior animals.

Ascidians, or tunicaries, are (as most readers now probably know) a lowly organized group of marine animals, many of which are called sea-squirts, because, when left high and dry by the receding tide, the only obvious sign of vitality they exhibit when touched, is the ejection of a small jet of water. Without any distinguishable head, with a heart in the form of a simple tube, these creatures may cohere in complex aggregations (fixed or actively locomotive), or may exist separately with a dense coat produced into a pair of orifice-bearing processes—like a leather bottle with two necks. Some young ascidians present a form strangely different from that they exhibit when mature. Thus the young of the genus *Phallusia* has very much the appearance of a tadpole, and, like the latter, moves by lateral undulations of a long tail, which is attached to its short, globular body. With this exception, however, nothing could well seem generally less like one of the higher animals than an inert, lowly organized sea-squirt. And yet we well recollect, when first attending Professor Huxley's lectures at the School of Mines, Jermyn Street, how our attention was directed to one or two obscure and recondite resemblances between ascidians and backboneed animals or vertebrates. The significance of these resemblances was made startlingly clear when the Russian naturalist, Kowalevsky, discovered the representative of the backbone of vertebrates, in the tail of embryo tadpole-like ascidians.

The belief that these lowly creatures throw at least a side light on the ancestors of the highest animals is now generally admitted—that they are collateral, probably degenerate, members of the great group of fishes, reptiles, birds, beasts, and man. But the tadpole-like larval ascidian has another noteworthy structure. It has

a single eye, which is in contact with and imbedded in the creature's brain, a position not inconvenient because of the transparency of the animal itself. All the higher animals, however, have not a single eye, but a pair of eyes. Even those curious fishes with one-sided heads (*Pleuronectidæ*—soles, turbot, flounders, etc., etc.), which have no eye at all on one side of their head, have nevertheless a pair of eyes on the other side. If these ascidians really show us in some respects what were the more ancient conditions of vertebrate life, it would seem to be at least a possibility that not a pair of eyes, but one single median organ of vision, may have been the more ancient condition.

These matters concerning the human brain and the group of ascidians being together borne in mind, we may venture to speak again of the New Zealand lizard, *Hatteria*.

A specimen of this animal came a short time ago into the hands of Mr. W. Baldwin Spencer, assistant to Professor Moseley, of Oxford. In carefully dissecting this specimen he noticed a small globular structure buried beneath the skin on the top of the head, just where there is a small aperture between the roof-bones of the skull, called the parietal foramen.

On careful examination this small globular structure turned out to be an eye. It was a complete eye, with retina, pigment, vitreous humor, and lens, while yet it could, from its position and surroundings, be of hardly any functional utility. Professor Moseley referred Mr. Spencer to certain observations previously made by Henri W. de Graaf and Leydig, and it now turns out that some other lizards present conditions more or less similar; amongst them our own slow-worm, *Anguis fragilis*. There is, however, one fact of remarkable significance. Mr. Baldwin Spencer tells us that he has distinctly traced out a continuous nervous connection between this median, single, parietal eye, and the hitherto profoundly mysterious pineal gland. Here, then, at last we have a clue to the nature and meaning of that puzzling structure. According to it, this body so deeply buried within the human brain, is a surviving relic of an ancestral organ of sight. But of what organ of sight? Is it a special modification which was superadded on other more ordinary conditions by reptilian ancestors, or is it of yet greater antiquity? Was it (that is to say) added to creatures already possessing the pair of eyes we are familiar with, or was it the sole original organ

of sight in vertebrates, and are the pair of eyes we know a long-subsequent addition and improvement?

If we are to trust to what ascidians seem to teach us, then it would appear to be the more probable that in the parietal eye of *Hatteria* we have a survival of the original, single eye of ancestors both of the tadpole-like ascidians and of vertebrates, and we must then regard our own eyes as relatively modern improvements and subsequent additions. The pineal gland, according to this view, though, as need hardly be said, no seat of the soul, would nevertheless be the original single organ for conveying to the brute soul of our remote ancestors those luminous impressions which are the most potent agents in educating animal consensience.

The views here put forward are, of course, but speculative and conjectural, to be confirmed or refuted by future careful research. When we consider, however, how strange and startling have been other speculations which have been similarly suggested and subsequently confirmed, we cannot but deem the one now suggested as worthy the careful consideration of the biologist as well as deserving the attention of all those persons who take a general interest in natural science or in the structure and activities of their own bodies.

Before concluding this brief paper a few words must be said about the centre of the great Australian region, that is Australia itself. The science of biology has doubtless in store for its faithful votaries many surprises and startling discoveries, such as that yet just narrated about our more ancient eye. Nevertheless the world may seem in some respects getting zoologically used up. We cannot hope to see new species develop to replace the interest of those which have lately left us, such as the dodo, dinornis, and great auk amongst birds, and the rhytina amongst beasts; but this is by no means the most distressing fact for the zoologist. Very many species are rapidly tending to become extinct, such as the great Tasmanian opossum, miscalled wolf (*Thylacinus*), and it is doubtful whether that beautiful animal, the so-called common zebra, now exists save in a few European gardens. Countries like South Africa, which so lately, as in the days of that unscrupulous destroyer, Gordon Cumming, swarmed with herds of wild animals, are but now thinly peopled by them, while the misplaced efforts of acclimatization societies are ruining the most interesting faunas, not without sometimes causing distress

and loss to the very colonists they wish to benefit, as has been the case with respect to the rabbits introduced into Australia. But the name of that great country reminds us that if the world is getting at all zoologically used up, it is because it is getting somewhat used up geographically. No biologist now can hope to experience the delightful excitement which must have been felt by Banks and Solander when they first landed on the shores of Australia, a country almost every tree, shrub, and weed of which was of a new kind. It must have made them feel as if they had been transported to a new planet, and this feeling would have been greatly intensified could they have been at once aware how different were the beasts—kangaroos, opossums, etc.—which met their eyes from any thing they had before known. Then, however, comparative anatomy was in its earlier days, and even the great Cuvier altogether failed to appreciate the true nature of the quadrupeds from Australia when they were submitted to his careful examination. The fact is that there were found in Australia and Tasmania, beasts of prey analogous to wolves, civet cats, and weasels; arboreal, more or less vegetable-feeding beasts, analogous to squirrels, and some capable of flitting by the aid of folds of skins, as do the flying squirrels; creatures widely ranging over the plains on which they grazed, analogous to deer and antelopes; creatures like marmots; creatures like ant-eaters, and so on. It was not at first suspected that all these creatures, so different from each other in those points of their structure which are related to their habits of life, were nevertheless so united together by more hidden and essential characters as to constitute one great polymorphic natural group of animals, now called marsupials, parallel to the whole series of beasts which are found in other parts of the world. Yet such we know to be the case, and, with hardly an exception, every terrestrial Australian beast differs far more from any non-Australian animal—save the opossum of America—than a bat differs from the whale, or an elephant from a mouse. There is one animal, however, which almost as soon as discovered forced men to remark its peculiarity and to speculate as to its life-history on account of the striking eccentricity of its form. We refer to that aquatic, close-furred, web-footed, spur-heeled creature, with horny teeth inside its singularly formed horny jaws, which received the name of the duck-billed platypus or ornithorhynchus.

Nearly related to it is another animal of widely different aspect and habits. With the long snout and tongue and the toothless jaws of an ant-eater, it is clothed with spines like a hedgehog, and is known as the echidna. These two extraordinary animals differ so widely from all others, that the difference before spoken of as so great between the marsupials and other beasts, is as nothing to it. It would require a long article to point out to the reader wherein the strangeness of these two animals, now known as monotremes, consists. Suffice it to say that by their brain-structure,* their skeleton, their urinary organs, and, above all, by their reproductive system, they form a group so aberrant as hardly to deserve retention within the class of beasts, seeing by how many points they show affinity to that great group which comprises both birds and reptiles.† Though these animals have been known for half a century, and though there was an early report that the bird-billed beast laid eggs, yet the facts as to its reproduction were only quite latterly ascertained, and one of the most startling events of the meeting of the British Association in Canada was the telegraphic communication of the fact that the monotremes do lay eggs, and that the structure of these eggs harmonizes with that of the bones which support these animals' shoulders. This last is a very important fact. On the theory of evolution, the class which includes man and beasts must have descended from some other and lower class, but its line of descent was a very disputable matter. On the whole, scientific opinion inclined to the view that this line of descent passed direct from animals allied to frogs and toads (*i.e.*, amphibians) without passing through the group of birds and reptiles, which was deemed to be rather a great lateral branch, than a part of the stem of the genealogical tree of animal life. Prominent amongst the facts which opposed this view was the shoulder structure of monotremes, which loudly claimed for them affinity with lizards. The condition of the monotreme egg, if not absolutely decisive, goes far to upset the notion that beasts came directly from ancestors allied to amphibians, and shows

* The great majority of beasts agree with man in having the two lateral halves of the brain medianly united by a large transverse band of brain substance, called the "corpus callosum," and they may therefore be called tied-brained. The marsupials have this band so much smaller that they are relatively "loose-brained." In the monotremes this band is so minute as to be with difficulty discernible, and they have been playfully designated "scatter-brained."

† Called Sauropsida.

cause for lengthening out our animal pedigree by giving us claims to corporeal affinity with the beautiful order of lizards, which have just acquired, by the discovery of their single eye, so great an interest for us.

Lastly we must call attention to one other point of colonial zoology, namely, to a fish found in our most recent Australian colony — Queensland — the eastern seaboard of which was discovered by Captain Cook one hundred and sixteen years ago. We have just spoken of amphibians. Their affinity with fishes is great, and a creature known as the lepidosiren has been assigned first to one and then to the other of these classes. In Queensland there has been discovered another animal of this transitional kind — the mud-fish of the colonists. The interest of this animal is, however, much greater than yet indicated. Far down in the triassic strata, before referred to in speaking of *Hatteria*, had been long ago found the teeth of a certain fish, known to us by no other remains, and which was distinguished by the name *Ceratodus*. No sooner did the Queensland mud-fish come under the eyes of naturalists, than it was at once recognized as being a still living representative of that form which had been supposed extinct for so many ages — *Ceratodus*. By its aid we are now able to obtain a complete knowledge of the anatomy of an animal of such extreme activity, and to obtain a quite unexpected acquaintance with bygone triassic life.

The few facts which have been selected for notice with reference to colonial zoology are valuable as affording a great encouragement to those who are inclined to devote themselves to scientific study, and especially to biological science. When we see the light thrown upon former geographical conditions by such facts as those concerning the animals of the Indian Archipelago and the Moluccas; on existing phenomena of distribution by the study of palæontology — as instanced by the musk-sheep, the peccary, and the tapir; when we consider how discoveries like that of the mud-fish reveal to us structural secrets of most remote animal life; how an ancient lizard, like *Hatteria*, may bring to our knowledge the most unexpected truths about our own anatomy, and how the study of the structure and life-history of such a creature as the duck-billed platypus may reveal the probably wide-spread existence* of groups of animals which

have left no tangible proof of their existence, then we can hardly but be impressed with the prodigious wealth of natural science, and at the wonderful vistas which open themselves to the instructed gaze of the persevering explorer. As then the industrial treasures of our colonies may fitly stimulate our desire to add to the world's wealth and to the greater comfort and convenience of our fellow-men; so a study of the natural productions of those varied regions may reasonably augment the zeal of the scientific inquirer and even direct some men, who but for such study might be content with more ordinary labor, towards the peaceful and ever fertile field of natural science.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

From Murray's Magazine.

BROTHER PETER.

OVERLOOKING the capital of Bulgaria, by the side of the highroad that leads to it from Ichtiman, there is a low-lying hill surrounded on the top by a deep ditch or circumvallation. From one side of it one may command a view of the strange jumble of slender white minarets and clumsy church towers, ruined mosques and irregular roofs, that make up the town of Sofia; perched high on the other side is the little village of Karavoda, a cluster of mud huts with a little whitewashed church, apparently somewhat neglected by its attendant pope. In the autumn evenings of 1880 the hill had a constant visitor in the shape of a lad of nineteen, dressed decently in rather shabby black clothes, and wearing the universal kalpak or black lambskin cap, who would toil up the summit from the side of Sofia and rest there a while before descending Karavoda on the other side. He was a sad-looking youth, and on this particular evening, as he took up his usual position, he looked sadder than ever.

Peter Bariloff was a native of Karavoda, and wished that he had been born in any other place, or else had never been born at all. He had been taken away from his country as a child of six years-old, and it was only three months ago that he had returned to it after an absence of thirteen years. During that time he had passed from hand to hand, until he found his way

monotremes could now exist, unless a considerable, perhaps a vast number of creatures allied to them had formerly existed, yet of their past existence we have hardly a trace.

* It is impossible to suppose that such animals as the

to the great American College that stands on the European shore of the Bosphorus by the side of the ancient towers of the Rouméli Hissar. There he had passed the last six years, and there he had received an education, such as was given to but few of his countrymen to receive. He had profited well by it, and had been happy enough while it lasted; but, nevertheless, he had not forgotten that he was Bulgarian and might some day return to his country; of his home, indeed, he remembered little or nothing, save that he was son of Dragan Bariloff, a peasant of Karavoda near Sofia; still the most cherished dream of his life was of the day when he should return to Bulgaria and give her the services of himself and his education. What position did he not hope to fill in his country? Why should he not become her prime minister, the general of her armies, the liberator of her less fortunate neighbors? Only three months ago, he had left the shores of the Bosphorus, eager to fulfil his dreams. Only three months ago, he had traversed the road from Ich-timan, hurrying with a beating heart, impatient for a sight of his birthplace and the embraces of his long-lost family. And his dream had been fulfilled, as such dreams generally are.

His home and family! Poor Peter! Karavoda was but a wretched collection of huts by the side of a mountain stream, and the meanest of them all was the house of his forefathers. That was his father, that bent old man, clothed in sheepskin from head to foot, whom dirt and old age had blended to one indescribable mellow coloring, so that it was hard to say where the sheep ended and the man began. This was his brother Georgi, this heavy, lumpy peasant, whose face, were it not for its grinning stupidity, was curiously like Peter's own. His little sister Mariouchka, a poor, half-starved, half-naked little imp. His mother was dead. His brother Dimitri—that wild beast his brother? If Peter shuddered at the others, from Dimitri he turned with absolute loathing. It is curious how like some men can be to animals. Dimitri had no forehead at all; his ash-colored shock of hair, bristling eyebrows, and stubby moustaches, all seemed part of the matted and dirty skins that clothed him; his eyes were two little beads, ever restless and bloodshot; his cheeks were hollow, and a sharp pointed nose projected over a lipless gap of mouth filled with broken teeth. They were such men as Dimitri who gave rise to the legend of the man-wolf. The other occupants of

the house were two savage-looking dogs, that sniffed with grave suspicion at his European clothes, and a burly pig which completed his discomfiture by running between his legs. If only his family had appeared pleased to see him! But they were not. The cunning twinkle in his father's eyes turned to fiery wrath when he found that his son had brought no money with him to add to the common stock; Giorgi stared at the well-dressed visitor with good-natured dismay; Mariouchka with open-mouthed wonder; while Dimitri grinned at him with a wolfish leer, seeming to find much selfish amusement in the situation. Peter had found his family and destroyed an illusion.

His other illusions went more slowly—but still they went also. No doubt his country was in great need of his services, but unfortunately his country was too blind to see it. Nowhere could he get employment; the ministries were filled with other men. Government officers would not look at him; he had no recommendation, and as there was no open competition, his transcendent talents did not come into play. There was the ladder that he proposed to climb, but he could not even get on the first rung of it. His money was gone, his patience exhausted. Peter grew desperate; he became a schoolmaster, and drudged as an assistant usher on what could hardly be called a salary; so hungry was he sometimes that he could scarce refrain from begging a portion of his pupils' dinners. Even that came to an end after a month, and his salary—eight roubles for the month—was not fully paid when he was dismissed. There was nothing for it but to return to Karavoda or starve in the streets of Sofia, those streets which he had imagined paved with gold. His father and Dimitri giped at him, making his very life a burden to him, but not one of the family would have dreamt of refusing him a share of their shelter and rough food. He offered to work for them, but soon found he was useless. A Bulgarian peasant is a very highly skilled laborer in his own way; he has no machinery or mechanical appliance to aid him in cultivating the soil; his rough tools are of the most primitive kind, and he ploughs, sows, reaps, and threshes after the fashion that his people used some three centuries ago. To use such implements, to cultivate the land after such rules as they followed, one must be born of the soil and inherit the manual skill and experience of generations; Peter, indeed,

was by birth a son of the soil, but then he had renounced his birthright. There was but one way in which he could be useful—he could help his sister Mariouchka to tend a flock of turkeys or retrieve the errant pig. Thus it came about that he took shelter with his family at Karavoda and tramped daily into Sofia in the fruitless search for employment; turning aside on his way home to the top of the hill, seeking, like Balaam, a point of advantage whence he might curse the city to his heart's content, whence he might meditate on his fallen hopes, the imbecility of a world that rejected him, and the discomfort of a family circle that despised while it supported him.

Slowly the sun set behind the distant chain of the Balkans, and the autumn air grew chill. Peter raised himself from his recumbent position and mournfully glancing at his worn clothes and broken boots, proceeded to descend the hill in the direction of the cart-track that led to Karavoda. The moment that he had chosen was an unfortunate one, for he just happened to come upon a number of peasants returning from the market of Sofia, headed by his brother Dimitri. Dimitri was driving before him five pack-horses, the head of one tied to the tail of the one before. Dimitri was gay; he had imbibed much bad brandy in honor of a successful bargain. Dimitri whacked the last horse with a light heart, and sang, or rather howled cheerfully, a dismal ballad as he reeled along the road.

"Little brother! little Brother Peter!" he cried. "Oh, the beautiful little brother!" and he seized Peter by the arm. "Come, we will walk together; I will guide thee, for thou art drunk, my little brother; see, I will hold thee up—but have a care, dear Peter, lest we fall." Peter tried in vain to conceal his disgust as he stumbled along the road, supporting his dear relative. Suddenly Dimitri took it into his head to dance—and they rolled over together in the road.

"Ho—ho! Thou canst not stand then at all, thou art very drunk, my Peter," and Dimitri tried to clutch him again, but Peter eluded him.

"What! you will not walk with me? The European gentleman is too grand for the poor Bulgar—Gospodin Peter—my lord Peter! he will not walk with his own brother." Dimitri bowed with tipsy gravity. "Stay," he cried, "thou art too proud to walk, thou shalt ride—thou shalt ride on my horse," and catching hold of his luckless brother, he dragged him unstead-

ily towards the last pack-horse, which, taking a cessation of blows as a signal to stop, was quietly cropping the dusty grass by the roadside.

"Leave the lad alone, Dimitri Bariloff; let him go, he is doing you no harm." It was a girl that spoke, walking by the side of a bullock cart.

"God save you, Anna Vasileff! Why should I not take care of my brother? God go with you, Anna Vasileff! and leave my brother Peter to ride his horse."

"Let him go, Dimitri, or it will be worse for you."

Dimitri only laughed in drunken defiance, and clung to his brother more viciously than before.

In another minute the girl had wrenched the pair apart, and after shaking Dimitri from side to side, gave him a push that rolled him under his horse's legs; then lifting Peter like a child in her strong arms, she deposited him in the bullock cart and strode on beside it, a little flushed with the exertion, but heedless of the mocking laughter and brutal jest which Dimitri shouted after her.

Peter, red with shame and anger, tried to descend.

"No, stay where you are, Peter Bariloff. Are you not comfortable, why should you walk? See, I will get in also;" and suiting the action to the word, Anna scrambled into the telega and sat beside her unwilling companion, regarding him with eyes half loving, half maternal.

The two were about the same age, but the girl was both the taller and the stronger. To say that Anna was as strong as a man would be unfair to her; she was as strong as two ordinary men. Of the village of Karavoda she was the most considerable personage in more senses than one; her father, the richest peasant there, had died a year before, leaving his only child an heiress. Anna owned a flock of sheep, a considerable number of bullocks, a piece of land that was hers absolutely, and a sum of money buried in a pot somewhere, estimated by the village at various vast figures. One could see by her dress that she was wealthy; her long, black hair, smoothed away from her forehead, fell in well-greased and innumerable plaits down to her heels, and not a plait that did not carry at least a dozen roubles or other silver coins; a cataract of silver that poured down her broad back and jingled with every movement, so that the sound of her footstep was as sweet music in the ears of her Bulgarian lovers, and the sight of her dear raven tresses awoke in them

covetous desire. The coarse, homespun smock was embroidered thick with many-colored silks and fringed with small silver coins, as was also the hem of her short petticoat. Her blue sleeveless jacket was new, and covered with quaint embroidery at the seams. Two large paper flowers adorned her comely head, and her neat white stockings ended in Bulgarian shoes—pieces of sheepskin laced on with many crossing thongs.

In sad truth she was not pretty. The Bulgarians of the plain of Sofia are the least lovely of their race, all the Tartar characteristics seeming to have concentrated themselves there. Anna had a low and somewhat bulging forehead; small, twinkling eyes, set wide apart; a nose that might be called snub—for want of a flatter word—high cheek-bones, and a wide mouth; the latter, however, showed two rows of beautiful, strong, white teeth. Withal, she had a good-natured, good-tempered expression, that made her face pleasant to look upon. What Peter thought of it would be hard to tell, but the occasional glance that he cast on her was full of apprehension.

"Why do you always run away from us?" Anna asked. "You never speak to any one except that poor old Turk Mustapha. Why did you not dance with the others on Sunday? You don't go to the khan—what do you do?"

"I cannot dance, and the others do not want me," said Peter bitterly.

"You like best to talk to Mustapha's daughter, Satiha, a wretched little thing of twelve years old with a face as white as paper. Why, she is a baby!"

"I don't care for Satiha."

"Then why are you always at Mustapha's house?"

"Because he is glad to see me, and we talk of Stamboul."

"There are others who would be glad to see you, Peter Bariloff, if you would only come and talk with them." Anna sighed heavily, and gazed at him with such tenderness that Peter blushed. "I too would like to hear of Stamboul and all you saw there. Will you not tell me some day?"

"I will tell you now, if you wish," said Peter nervously. "What would you like to hear?"

"No, not now, but some day—soon," said Anna softly. "Tell me, Peter, did the old Martha ever speak to you of me?"

"She has never spoken to me," he answered.

Anna's face brightened. "Well, she

will tell you that I am not going to marry Stefan Karatcheff, as they all said; it is not true."

"No?" said Peter feebly.

"No. I do not care for Stefan Karatcheff. I do not like, and I shall not marry him. I do not wish to marry any one."

Peter looked greatly relieved.

"Unless I like him better than Stefan Karatcheff," Anna added gently.

Peter's face fell again.

"Well! there is your road. You will come to see us soon, will you not, Peter Bariloff? I should like you to come."

"Yes, I will come," stammered out Peter; "and many thanks to you, Anna; good-night!" and he fled from his fair tormentor, who passed on to her own house, where she lived with the old woman of whom she had spoken.

Martha was a very important member of the village community, to whom she was midwife, doctor, wise-woman, and, to speak generally, a kind of female pope, only very much more respected and feared than her male colleague. Moreover she was the match-maker of the place; it was to her that the fathers and mothers applied when they wished to marry off a son or a daughter, and her discretion in assorting brides and judgment in apportioning dowries was strictly to be relied on. To such a woman Anna Vasileff was the object of much tender solicitude; it had been by mere chance that she had been taken into the Vasileff household, but once there, she intended to settle herself for good. Like Mrs. Quickly, she flattered herself that "she knew Anne's mind—never a woman knew more of it." And that knowledge she proposed to turn to profitable account. She had good reasons for wishing success to Stefan Karatcheff and—if Stefan had only known it—for wishing success to others besides; but from Peter Bariloff she could expect nothing. However, as far as the latter was concerned she was quite easy in her mind. Anna could hardly be such a fool as to marry a wretched boy who had not a kopeck to bless himself with.

Nevertheless Anna's fancy had taken a strong hold of her. Peter was so unlike the others both in dress and appearance. Being so strong herself, she did not think much of physical strength in others, and Peter's very weakness lent him a fresh charm in her eyes. He was so learned too, and not knowing to what power such learning might not extend, she had a certain awe of it. Anna herself was as ignorant as it was possible for a peasant girl

to be. She could do a day's work in the fields with the best of them; she could spin and make *schlack*, she could embroider, dance the *hora* for several hours without stopping, and sing, or rather chant, a number of country songs; but she could neither read nor write. Her ideas of an outside world were limited; it was divided into Turks, Bulgarians, and foreigners, and the latter lived some beyond the Danube and some beyond the sea; the sea was a bigger river than the Danube, the Danube was a bigger river than the Isker, and the Isker was the biggest river she had ever seen. She had no religious ideas to speak of, but performed certain religious duties in order to be lucky in life, and not to go to hell when she died; she knew what hell was like, because she had seen a picture of it—it was a burning house full of flames and black people, and she had no wish to go there. Her conduct was the consequence of certain traditions and certain instincts, and was withal as blameless and honest as any girl's could be.

Anna was not altogether satisfied with her conversation with Peter, and when she got home, poured out her doubts and misgivings to Martha, who listened to them with a sympathetic smile on her face and guile in her heart. Then having unburdened herself of her troubles, she went to bed and dreamt of Peter—how she had rescued him from a pack of wild dogs, and that he was going to marry her in consequence.

Peter in the mean time had gone home to eat the black bread of dependence, washed down with the cold water of charity. It was not an appetizing meal, nor was it improved by the presence of Dimitri, whose drunkenness had taken a quarrelsome form, and who poured forth a continual stream of tipsy vituperation, the burden of which fell on Peter's unheeding ears.

Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.

"Will my life be always like this?" thought Peter. "Is it my fate to live always helpless, useless, and despised?" He groaned with impotent misery as he tossed on his hard bed until sleep overtook him also—but he did not dream of Anna.

Days passed, and Peter was still without any regular employment. To his other difficulties two new ones had been added; to avoid Anna Vasileff, who became more determined as he became more

reluctant; and to keep out of the way of Stefan Karatcheff, who finding out what was the real obstacle to his happiness, was moved to great wrath and many grievous threats anent Peter's bones. Mustapha's ruined hut was his only sure place of refuge, and there he spent many hours in the week, playing with little Satiha, or helping Mustapha to work in his garden.

How Mustapha managed to live, he alone could tell. Once the owner of a great *chiflik*, or farm in the neighborhood, he had been dispossessed of everything, and reduced to a state of beggary at the end of the Russian war. The tumbledown hut where he now lived, together with the garden, that seemed to provide him with all the necessities of life, had once formed a small part of his former property, and from this refuge, such as it was, no one had thought fit to oust him. When a man has been robbed of all his money in the bank, it is but courteous to leave him what he has in his pockets; and in such courtesy at least the present rulers of the country were not wanting. Mustapha, who had lost everything that made up his former life, whose family, with the exception of his little daughter, had been cruelly massacred by some plundering Circassians, sent there for their defence, seemed too broken-spirited to attempt to mend his ruined fortunes, or even to retreat from the scene of disaster as most of his brother Turks had done. His Bulgarian neighbors, however, attributed his reluctance to leave the spot to other motives; a rumor having got about that Mustapha was really an old miser who had a considerable treasure buried in his hovel. Bulgarian imagination was wont to run wild on the subject of money, and there were not wanting those who declared they had seen him counting it. However that might be, Peter looked upon his Turkish friends as the only friends he possessed, and never tired of pouring out to them the tale of his wrongs and disappointments. Mustapha would listen patiently, showing neither surprise nor indignation at the woeful recital, and Satiha would do her best to console him in her soft childish voice; Peter was to her a very kind and dear brother, and she was full of sympathy for his troubles.

"But yourself, Mustapha," Peter would say, after his own affairs had been discussed; "what are you going to do? You cannot live here always; besides, what is to happen to Satiha?"

"Satiha will some day go to my brother's house at Samakow. I will not go there

also to be a burden to them. She is all I have left, and while I live she will not leave me. Moreover, what should I do? It is a poor life truly, but I cannot better it."

"I would go to Stamboul and tell the ministers that I had lost all for my country; that Mustapha Bey, who fought for his sovereign, was without shelter or food," answered Peter.

"The ministers? What can they do? They would not even listen to me."

"Then I would go to the padishah himself."

"How should such a one as I am see the padishah? Your words have not sense."

"I would get to him!" cried Peter excitedly. "I would throw myself before his horses' feet at the Selamlık; I would cry to him, 'See, Highness, thy servant who fought with Shakir at Tashkessen, who left house and family for country's sake, who lost all and was wounded, he is now without a home and without bread, ride over him and finish what the Russians began.' Oh! he would listen to you!" cried Peter, carried away by his own enthusiasm. "How could he refuse it, if he only knew you?"

"Words, my son, idle words. One prays not to the sun to stay the bitter wind; though the sun shine kindly, the wind will yet blow keen. What could the padishah do for me? Will he give me back my chiflik? and if he could, who shall give me back my wife? Where are Nedhim and Mehemet, my sons? It is the will of Allah, it is the will of Allah, the all-mighty, the all-wise, the all-merciful," he repeated mechanically.

Peter for a while remained silent and then, "Listen, Mustapha, you know how I should sorrow if you left this place, and yet you must leave it—it is not safe for you."

"Not safe? Why, who should harm us? No one in Karavoda. They are good neighbors and kind to me, your Bulgarian kinsfolk, as I too was once to them; and I am grateful. Besides, what good can they get from me? a sheep cannot be shorn twice."

"They say that you have money here; that you received from the government part of the price of your chiflik. Do not laugh; it is Dimitri, my brother,—who is a liar," added Peter parenthetically. "He says that he has seen you counting it. You know what the people are; they are suspicious and greedy, and will believe even Dimitri if he speaks of money."

"No—no, they would not molest me even though I had the money, and they know that I have not."

It was useless to press the old man further, and Peter gave up the attempt, the more willingly that he dreaded the day when he should find himself without even the sympathy of Satiha and her father. The weather was growing daily colder as the winter months drew on. Peter found employment from time to time, but some kind of fatality attended his efforts, and no sooner did he think himself settled than capricious fortune deserted him again. He became assistant in the printing office of a newspaper. It was a new venture of its kind, and called itself the *Liberty of Bulgaria*; it abused the government, the Church, and the Russians; but it did not pay. It changed its name, became the *Order of Sofia*; it extolled the prince and his ministers, still abused the Russians, and hinted that the Turks were not as black as they were painted; but it did not pay. Then it called itself the *Voice of the People*; it described the prince as a robber and his ministers as brigands, recommended an appeal to Russia for release, and addressed frenzied articles to the Russian agent; the Russian agent assured them of his most profound sympathy; but it did not pay. Then the newspaper became bankrupt.

Peter next became bookkeeper to a Jew in the bazaar,—a red-haired Jew, that rejoiced in fur trimmings to his coat and shoes and wore a gaberdine; but, like most red-haired Jews, he had a bad temper. Many were Peter's trials and great was his patience, until one day when his master, being displeased, followed the pleasant custom of his people and spat in his face. Peter tried to strangle him, failed, and was ejected from the shop with a severe beating in lieu of his wages, which were in arrear.

What could he turn to next? There was an Armenian who kept a wine-shop opposite the market-place, and who required a man-of-all-work. Peter applied for the place and was accepted. His duties were multifarious; he had to sweep the shop—not too often, to draw the wine and see that it was paid for; to count the money and keep the books. The Armenian looked on. The clients were chiefly Greeks and Italians; in the daytime they got their breakfast and dinner there, and at night would return there to drink, play cards, quarrel, and sleep beneath the tables; underneath a table is the safest

place to sleep when there is a chance of knives being drawn and lights put out. Peter the future legislator of Bulgaria, Peter the victorious general, Peter the hero of his age, Peter the dreamer, drew the wine and watered it, waited on quarrelsome and dirty Greeks, dirty and quarrelsome Italians, ran their errands, bore their abuse, and ate their scraps. The Armenian, finding him honest and intelligent, treated him well; but the life was none the less horrible to him. Wherever the coarse red wine of the country was spilt, it left deep purple strains on table and floor; Peter felt that the stain was upon him also, and that his very soul must be dyed with the dregs of his degradation.

One day, soon after the first snow had fallen, Martha came to see him. She must speak to him at once, she said; he must go with her directly, and she would take no excuse. Peter followed her in silent dismay; he guessed what the matter in hand was, though he had not seen Anna Vasileff for some time, and hoped that she had forgotten him. Martha turned into the ruins of some old baths, and after glancing around, made her communication. Why did Peter persist in living at Sofia? He was starving there—all the village of Karavoda knew that. And all the time he might have a fine house in Karavoda, lots of money, and a beautiful wife. Martha grew quite eloquent in her expostulations; she had, indeed, no wish to succeed in her mission, but as she gathered from Peter's face that there was no chance of his yielding to persuasion, she indulged in all her powers of rhetoric, not so much for his benefit, as to satisfy the owner of a white petticoat that she could dimly discern behind the ruined wall. Delicacy forbade Anna to take part in the discussion herself, but anxiety and distrust compelled her to witness it. Hidden in the shadows of the deserted building, she listened with beating heart to Martha's arguments and Peter's sulky replies. Why does not Martha say this and this? she thought; how much better she could have pleaded herself than that stupid old woman did! she bit her lips and clenched her hands, to prevent herself from rushing forward, while the unspoken words almost choked her.

At length Peter lost all patience, and broke out desperately: "Enough, enough. Leave me alone. Why should I marry Anna Vasileff? I do not want her money

or her house; and as for herself—I hate the very sight of her ugly face. Let her buy some other husband if she be so anxious to marry, and let her leave me in peace."

There is a limit to all powers of endurance, and Anna had reached hers. The hoarse cry of rage with which she sprang forward between the two would have terrified a stouter heart than Peter's. Martha slipped quietly away, and left Anna to finish her business herself. For a moment she stood speechless with fury—maddened with the sense of base ingratitude—*spretaque injuria forma!*

"I buy a husband? May your tongue wither in your mouth, Peter Bariloff, ere you speak of an honest girl like that! Do you think I loved you? I never loved you—I only pitied you. Who but I was kind to you when the others laughed at you? Who but I had ever a good word for the proud useless fool? A dog would have been more grateful. Stay, you shall hear me!" and she thrust Peter back. "Who ever said I cared for you? I would not marry you though you were the son of the czar. I would not marry you though you prayed me on your knees. I buy a husband? Do I then want a beggar for a husband—a beggar in rags? I will soon show you how much I care for you. What! you did not know I was there? You did not mean to offend me? What do I care what you mean or what you say? I hate you—I despise you!" In a whirlwind of fury Anna flung herself out of the building, leaving Peter to return to his duties, feeling rather crestfallen, and not a little ashamed of himself.

Of a truth, Peter was very sorry for what had passed; he was really grateful for the many kindnesses that Anna had done him, and would gladly have shown his gratitude. Unfortunately he had felt that Anna required something more of him than he could give, and on that account he had avoided her; it is difficult to show a due sense of gratitude and avoid a person at the same time. As for love, he had none for her or for any one else; the only being that he really cared for was a certain Peter Bariloff who had arrived in Bulgaria some six months before, full of ambition and wild dreams, some of which dreams he still hoped might be fulfilled. To marry a peasant girl like Anna would destroy the vision of that Peter Bariloff. Love for a woman? he hardly knew what it meant; if he had ever thought of the two things together, it would be such a

woman as Mustapha's daughter, Satiha, might grow to be, a woman with a delicate face, low, musical voice, and gentle ways. Anna did not resemble this ideal; and as to Satiha, she was only a child of thirteen. He was sorry that he had offended Anna — very sorry indeed. His ears burnt red with shame as he thought of his insulting words — the only answer he had given to all the kindness lavished on him. He made up his mind that he would go to Karavoda and ask her forgiveness, if only she could forgive him and forget him too. Days passed, and he was still hesitating, and then at the end of the week he heard news that changed his mind again.

Anna had married Stefan Karatcheff.

Stefan Karatcheff, the owner of many carts and bullocks, who was greedily avaricious, pig-headed, and ungainly in his person, straddling in his walk after the fashion of his own cattle. But then he was well-to-do, and well connected, for his godfather was the *natchalnik* of Orchanie. It was a very good match, Martha said, and every one knew her experience in such matters. Surely Anna was well avenged.

Peter did not break his heart. Relieved of two of his troubles, he struggled bravely on, and had it not been for the nature of his occupation would have been almost content with his life. His master had taken a liking for the quiet lad who was so clever with his accounts and willing to work, and when the new year came he raised his wages a little — very little, and gave him a sheepskin jacket which Peter much needed; the poor black clothes had become grievously ragged, the broken boots scarce held together, and the winter was bitterly cold. All the town, all the plain of Sofia lay deep in snow, the country carts could scarce struggle in through the heavy drifts; the *arabas* and light carriages that had once rattled so noisily over the pavement had given way to sleighs that glided swiftly and noiselessly through the half-empty streets; streets that had been so full of sound were dumb and silent as though the voice of the town was smothered in its snowy blanket. Mountain streams and fountains were ice-bound; even the hot sulphurous springs that bubbled up in the midst of the bazaar, were fringed with thick, yellow crystals of fantastic shapes. In the open shops Jew, Turk, and Gentile alike cowered with cold, stretching blue, quivering hands over their rude earthenware pots filled with glowing charcoal; the very breath of the passing

peasants turned to icicles in their beards and brown fur caps. Peter shivered, stamped his feet and swung his arms; why had he ever left the sheltered shore of the Bosphorus, with its warm sunny corners and windless nooks? His thoughts often strayed back to those pleasant days and places; in every mosque there is *al mehrab*, the niche that points towards Mecca. Peter's Mecca was Constantinople, and *al mehrab*, the corner in his heart, was occupied by Mustapha and his daughter, with whom his thoughts of Constantinople had of late been associated. What would become of them in this bitter weather? he shuddered as he thought of their wretched hut, their poverty, and the scanty clothing of the delicate child. Out of his small savings he bought a pair of warm shoes for Satiha and a bright handkerchief for her head, and determined to go and see them at once, obtaining leave of absence from his master.

It was late in the afternoon when he started from Sofia; the roads were slippery, and as he turned off the highroad on to the track beaten through the snow to Karavoda, he had hard work to struggle along. From mountain range to mountain range the white sheet of snow stretched unbroken across the plain; there was not a sign of life anywhere, save where the vultures, poised high overhead in their slow, circling flight, searched with keen eyes for the carrion that the snowy winding-sheet had shrouded from their sight. At length he reached the top of the ascent, and leaving on his right the hill where he had spent so many unhappy hours, he proceeded to descend to the village that lay below. It was already so late, that he resolved to sleep at his father's house, and go on to Mustapha's the next morning.

The village seemed almost buried in snow; the shallow stream that flowed through it was reduced to a feeble thread of water struggling between the icy pavements of its stony sides. Hardly a soul was to be seen outside the houses; but at the turning of one of the cross paths Peter stumbled against a woman, who turned, and showed him the face of Anna Vasileff. The meeting was not a pleasant one for either, and Peter looked very red and foolish, with reason, as he mumbled some words of greeting. Anna returned no answer, but stood for a minute staring at him. Her face grew pale, but its expression was rather one of guilty terror and remorse than of anger; then turning quickly she hurried from the spot without

a word. Peter, somewhat mystified, went on to his father's house, but soon forgot his wonder in the boisterous greeting that his father and Giorgi accorded him. The former had become quite reconciled to his son since the day that the latter, having earned some money, had brought him a few roubles to be taken care of. Dimitri was absent.

Supper was not long over, when Peter was summoned to speak to some one outside the door. A woman was standing there who beckoned to him to follow her a little distance from the house; then she uncovered her face, and Peter recognized Anna Vasileff again. For a minute the two stood facing each other in silence; it was Anna who spoke first in a hard, constrained voice.

"Listen, Peter Bariloff; you must go at once to the house of Mustapha the Turk. Tell him he must leave it directly. Let him go anywhere, but he must not stay there an hour more, or it may be too late."

"Why? what has happened?"

"I cannot tell you, but he must go."

"But he will not go without some reason. Why should he leave his house? what will happen to him if he does not?"

"They are going there to-night to rob him. There are three of them; your brother Dimitri is one, and black Kouroff from Slatina is another. Go, go, Peter, or it may be too late!"

"But it is stupid. Mustapha has nothing to rob. Who believes in that old story of his money?"

"But they do believe it. Oh, I will tell you all then! They were talking of it the other night, and Dimitri said it was a shame that Mustapha should keep money that was stolen from the village, and that he knew that the Turk had it; but the others only laughed at him. And then — then I said that it was true, and that you had told me so —"

"But why? I never told you so."

Anna wrung her hands. "Oh, Peter, cannot you understand? I was angry with you; I wanted to hurt you; to make you feel it; and there was no way — no way to do it; and then Dimitri spoke of Mustapha, and I thought — I thought if I could do Mustapha a mischief you would be sorry; and so I swore that he had the money for the chiflik hidden in his house, and that you had told me of it; and then Stefan swore that if that was so, he should never take it out of the country with him. They are going there to-night; Kouroff is with them, and has a gun. They will do

more than rob him, for Stefan will do anything for money. This morning I was sorry, but I dared not go to Mustapha's house to warn him, lest they should see me; and then this evening I saw you; and when they went off to the khan — they are drinking there now — I slipped out to come and tell you. Stay, Peter! one minute! Get Mustapha away, but do not let them see you, nor tell any one that I warned you, and take care of yourself."

Peter turned away without a word.

"One minute, stay one minute more; you will forgive me, Peter? I was angry; you know why I was angry; but I am sorry now. Say you forgive me, Peter."

"There is nothing to forgive, Anna Karatcheff; you have done well to warn me, and I thank you for it."

"Say you wish me well before you go, Peter Bariloff. See — I was angry when I did it, and I am sorry now." Anna caught his hands, her eyes full of tears, her foolish lips trembling.

"I wish you well, Anna. God go with you!"

For a minute she held his hands tightly. Then Peter felt two arms clasped round his neck and a wet cheek pressed against his own, and in an instant Anna was gone.

There was no time to be lost. Peter did not even re-enter the house, but started off at once to the bridge, on the other side of which was the house of Mustapha. It was nearly a mile from the village, but he calculated that he had a full hour before him, for the men were not likely to leave the khan before midnight, and when they did leave it, would probably take a longer time to get over the ground than he would. Dark though the night was, every landmark showed out clear and distinct against the snow-covered ground, and he had no difficulty in finding his way, though every now and then he sank almost to his waist in the deep drifts. Arrived at the hut, he called Mustapha by name, but there was no answer. He tried the door; it was unbarred; he pushed it open and entered the house; he called Mustapha again, no sound in response. After a little search he found some matches in his pocket and struck a light; no one was there, not a sign of Mustapha or his household belongings; the house was empty, the hearth was cold — Mustapha and his daughter were gone.

Peter sat down on the wooden divan to collect his thoughts. Mustapha must have received some other warning, and had left his house in consequence; at any rate he was gone and presumably safe, and Peter

heaved a sigh of profound relief. Then he thought of the presents he had brought for Satiha; the handkerchief he had tied round his neck; he pulled it off and held it in his hand to look at it; the colors were very pretty and bright, but he could not see them in the dark; he wondered what Satiha would have said when he gave it to her—would he ever see her again to give it to her now? They were gone—Satiha and her father—who knew where they were gone to? The last link between him and his former life had been severed; for Satiha with her pretty ways he had felt a real love and affection, and now he should see her no more. A violent sob rose in his throat, half-choking him, and then suddenly his overwrought nerves gave way; he buried his face in the handkerchief and burst into tears.

The time passed, some two hours went by, and he still sat there, confusedly thinking out the events of the day, and trying to realize that Satiha was gone; thinking too a little of his interview with Anna. Why did her words, "Forgive me, Peter!" so ring in his ears? After all there was nothing to forgive—no harm had been done, for Satiha was gone. "Forgive me, Peter!" he heard it so clearly that time that he sprang to his feet. There seemed to be really a sound of voices outside; he listened, and suddenly remembered where he was and why he had come there. Unsteadily, half dazed with the cold, he moved to the door and passed out. There was a blinding flash and loud report, while a heavy weight seemed to have struck him in the chest. He staggered on to his knees and then fell prone on his face, clutching at the snow.

Five minutes later three men came out of the hut. "The girl is gone—where can the money be? See if that cursed Turk is not still living; perhaps we can make him tell us where he keeps the money."

"Look here! This cannot be the Turk. Bring the light, Dimitri."

Stefan turned over the body. The light fell on a pale, boyish face, as white as the snow beneath; the half-closed eyes and parted lips gave it a wistful questioning look. One hand was pressed to the left side, whence a dark stream had stained the snow, the other still held tightly a colored handkerchief. Stefan gave vent to a violent execration. Dimitri stared at the poor dead face—then broke into a stupid laugh.

"Why, it was Brother Peter after all—it is Brother Peter!" W. HUBBARD.

From The Fortnightly Review.

NATURE AND BOOKS.

WHAT is the color of the dandelion? There are many dandelions; that which I mean flowers in May, when the meadow grass has started and the hares are busy by daylight. That which flowers very early in the year has a thickness of hue, and is not interesting; in autumn the dandelions quite change their color and are pale. The right dandelion for this question is the one that comes about May with a very broad disc, and in such quantities as often to cover a whole meadow. I used to admire them very much in the fields by Surbiton (strong clay soil), and also on the towing-path of the Thames where the sward is very broad, opposite Long Ditton; indeed I have often walked up that towing-path on a beautiful sunny morning, when all was quiet except the nightingales in the Palace hedge, on purpose to admire them. I dare say they are all gone now forevermore; still, it is a pleasure to look back on anything beautiful. What color is this dandelion? It is not yellow, nor orange, nor gold; put a sovereign on it and see the difference. They say the gipsies call it the queen's great hairy dog-flower—a number of words to one stalk, and so, to get a color to it, you may call it the yellow-gold-orange plant. In the winter on the black mud under a dark, dripping tree, I found a piece of orange peel, lately dropped—a bright red orange speck in the middle of the blackness. It looked very beautiful, and instantly recalled to my mind the great dandelion discs in the sunshine of summer. Yet certainly they are not red-orange. Perhaps if ten people answered this question they would each give different answers. Again, a bright day or a cloudy, the presence of a slight haze, or the juxtaposition of other colors, alters it very much; for the dandelion is not a glazed color, like the buttercup, but sensitive. It is like a sponge, and adds to its own hue that which is passing, sucking it up.

The shadows of the trees in the wood, why are they blue? Ought they not to be dark? Is it really blue, or an illusion? And what is their color when you see the shadow of a tall trunk aslant in the air like a leaning pillar? The fallen brown leaves wet with dew have a different brown from those that are dry, and the upper surface of the green growing leaf is different from the under surface. The yellow butterfly, if you meet one in October, has so toned down his spring yellow that you might

fancy him a pale green leaf floating along the road. There is a shining, quivering, gleaming; there is a changing, fluttering, shifting; there is a mixing, weaving—varnished wings, translucent wings, wings with dots and veins, all playing over the purple heath; a very tangle of many-toned lights and hues. Then come the apples; if you look upon them from an upper window, so as to glance along the level plane of the fruit, delicate streaks of scarlet, like those that lie parallel to the eastern horizon before sunrise; golden tints under bronze, and apple green, and some that the wasps have hollowed, more glowingly beautiful than the rest; sober leaves and black and white swallows: to see it you must be high up, as if the apples were strewn on a sward of foliage. So have I gone in three steps from May dandelion to September apple; an immense space measured by things beautiful, so filled that ten folio volumes could not hold the description of them, and I have left out the meadows, the brooks, and hills. Often in writing about these things I have felt very earnestly my own incompetence to give the least idea of their brilliancy and many-sided colors. My gamut was so very limited in its terms, and would not give a note to one in a thousand of those I saw. At last, I said, I will have more words; I will have more terms; I will have a book on color, and I will find and use the right technical name for each one of these lovely tints. I was told that the very best book was by Chevreul, which had tinted illustrations, chromatic scales, and all that could be desired.

Quite true, all of it; but for me it contained nothing. There was a good deal about assorted wools, but nothing about leaves; nothing by which I could tell you the difference between the light scarlet of one poppy and the deep purple scarlet of another species. The dandelion remained unexplained; as for the innumerable other flowers, and wings, and sky-colors, they were not even approached. The book, in short, dealt with the artificial and not with nature. Next I went to science—works on optics, such a mass of them. Some I had read in old time, and turned to again; some I read for the first time, some translated from the German, and so on. It appeared that, experimenting with physical color, tangible paint, they had found out that red, yellow, and blue were the three primary colors; and then, experimenting with light itself, with colors not tangible, they found out that red, green, and violet were the three primary colors;

but neither of these would do for the dandelion. Once upon a time I had taken an interest in spectrum analysis, and the theory of the polarization of light was fairly familiar; any number of books, but not what I wanted to know. Next the idea occurred to me of buying all the colors used in painting, and tinting as many pieces of paper a separate hue, and so comparing these with petals and wings, and grass, and trifolium. This did not answer at all; my unskilful hands made a very poor wash, and the yellow paper set by a yellow petal did not agree, the scientific reason of which I cannot enter into now. Secondly, the names attached to many of these paints are unfamiliar to general readers; it is doubtful if bistre, Leitch's blue, oxide of chromium, and so on, would convey an idea. They might as well be Greek symbols; no use to attempt to describe hues of heath or hill in that way. These, too, are only distinct colors. What was to be done with all the shades and tones? Still there remained the language of the studio; without doubt a master of painting could be found who would quickly supply the technical term of anything I liked to show him; but again no use, because it would be technical. And a still more insurmountable difficulty occurs: in so far as I have looked at pictures, it seems as if the artists had met with the same obstacle in paints as I have in words—that is to say, a deficiency. Either painting is incompetent to express the extreme beauty of nature, or in some way the canons of art forbid the attempt. Therefore, I had to turn back, throw down my books with a bang, and get me to a bit of fallen timber in the open air to meditate.

Would it be possible to build up a fresh system of color language by means of natural objects? Could we say pine-wood green, larch green, spruce green, wasp yellow, humble-bee orange? and there are fungi that have marked tints, but the Latin names of these agarics are not pleasant. Butterfly blue—but there are several varieties; and this plan is interfered with by two things: first, that almost every single item of nature, however minute, has got a distinctly different color, so that the dictionary of tints would be immense; and next, so very few would know the object itself that the color attached to it would have no meaning. The power of language has been gradually enlarging for a great length of time, and I venture to say that the English language at the present time can express more, and is more subtle,

flexible, and, at the same time, vigorous, than any of which we possess a record. When people talk to me about studying Sanscrit, or Greek, or Latin, or German, or, still more absurd, French, I feel as if I could tell them with a mallet happily. Study the English, and you will find everything there, I reply. With such a language I fully anticipate, in years to come, a great development in the power of expressing thoughts and feelings which are now thoughts and feelings only. How many have said of the sea, "It makes me feel something I cannot say"? Hence it is clear there exists in the intellect a layer, if I may so call it, of thought yet dumb—chambers within the mind which require the key of new words to unlock. Whenever that is done a fresh impetus is given to human progress. There are a million books, and yet with all their aid I cannot tell you the color of the May dandelion. There are three greens at this moment in my mind: that of the leaf of the flower-de-luce, that of the yellow iris leaf, and that of the bayonet-like leaf of the common flag. With admission to a million books, how am I to tell you the difference between these tints? So many, many books and such a very, very little bit of nature in them! Though we may have been so many thousand years upon the earth we do not seem to have done any more as yet than walk along beaten footpaths, and sometimes really it would seem as if there was something in the minds of many men quite artificial, quite distinct from the sun, and trees, and hills—altogether house people, whose gods must be set in four-cornered buildings. There is nothing in books that touches my dandelion.

It grows, ah yes, it grows! How does it grow? Builds itself up somehow of sugar and starch, and turns mud into bright color and dead earth into food for bees, and some day perhaps for you, and knows when to shut its petals and how to construct the brown seeds to float with the wind, and how to please the children, and how to puzzle me. Ingenious dandelion! If you find out that its correct botanical name is *Leontodon taraxacum*, or *Leontodon dens-leonis*, that will bring it into botany; and there is a place called Dandelion Castle in Kent, and a bell with the inscription, —

John de Dandelion with his great dog,
Brought over this bell on a mill cog,

which is about as relevant as the mere words *Leontodon taraxacum*. Botany is the knowledge of plants according to the

accepted definition; naturally, therefore, when I begin to think I would like to know a little more of flowers than could be learned by seeing them in the fields, I went to botany. Nothing could be more simple. You buy a book which first of all tells you how to recognize them, how to classify them; next instructs you in their uses, medical or economical; next tells you about the folk-lore and curious associations; next enters into a lucid explanation of the physiology of the plant and its relation to other creatures; and finally, and most important, supplies you with the ethical feeling, the ideal aspiration, to be identified with each particular flower. One moderately thick volume would probably suffice for such a modest round as this.

Lo! now the labor of Hercules when he set about bringing up Cerberus from below, and all the work done by Apollo in the years when he ground corn, are but a little matter compared with the attempt to master botany. Great minds have been at it these two thousand years, and yet we are still only nibbling at the edge of the leaf, as the ploughboys bite the young hawthorn in spring. The mere classification—all plant-lore was a vast chaos till there came the man of Sweden, the great Linnæus, till the sexes were recognized, and everything was ruled out and set in place again. A wonderful man! I think it would be true to say it was Linnæus who set the world on its present twist of thinking, and levered our mental globe a little more perpendicular to the ecliptic. He actually gathered the dandelion and took it to bits like a scientific child; he touched nature with his fingers instead of sitting looking out of window—perhaps the first man who had ever done so for seventeen hundred years or so, since superstition blighted the progress of pagan Rome. The work he did! But no one reads Linnæus now; the folios, indeed, might moulder to dust without loss, because his spirit has got into the minds of men, and the text is of little consequence. The best book he wrote to read now is the delightful "Tour in Lapland," with its quaint pen-and-ink sketches, so realistically vivid, as if the thing sketched had been banged on the paper and so left its impress. I have read it three times, and I still cherish the old yellow pages; it is the best botanical book, written by the greatest of botanists, specially sent on a botanical expedition, and it contains nothing about botany. It tells you about the canoes, and the hard cheese, and the Lap-

lander's warehouse on top of a pole, like a pigeon-house; and the innocent way in which the maiden helped the traveller in his bath, and how the aged men ran so fast that the devil could not catch them; and, best of all, because it gives a smack in the face to modern pseudo-scientific medical cant about hygiene, showing how the Laplanders break every law, human and divine, ventilation, bath, and diet—all the trash—and therefore enjoy the most excellent health, and live to a great old age. Still I have not succeeded in describing the immense labor there was in learning to distinguish plants on the Linnæan system. Then comes in order of time the natural system, the geographical distribution; then there is the geological relationship, so to say, to pliocene plants, natural selection and evolution. Of that let us say nothing; let sleeping dogs lie, and evolution is a very weary dog. Most charming, however, will be found the later studies of naturalists on the interdependence of flowers and insects; there is another work the dandelion has got to do—endless, endless botany! Where did the plants come from at first? Did they come creeping up out of the sea at the edge of the estuaries, and gradually run their roots into the ground, and so make green the earth? Did man come out of the sea, as the Greeks thought? There are so many ideas in plants. Flora, with a full lap, scattering knowledge and flowers together; everything good and sweet seems to come out of flowers, up to the very highest thoughts of the soul, and we carry them daily to the very threshold of the other world. Next you may try the microscope and its literature, and find the crystals in the rhubarb.

I remember taking sly glances when I was a very little boy at an old Culpepper's "Herbal," heavily bound in leather and curiously illustrated. It was so deliciously wicked to read about the poisons; and I thought perhaps it was a book like that, only in papyrus rolls, that was used by the sorceress who got ready the poisoned mushrooms in old Rome. Youth's ideas are so imaginative, and bring together things that are so widely separated. Conscience told me I had no business to read about poisons; but there was a fearful fascination in hemlock, and I recollect tasting a little bit—it was very nasty. At this day, nevertheless, if any one wishes to begin a pleasant, interesting, unscientific acquaintance with English plants he would do very well indeed to get a good copy of Culpepper. Grey hairs

had insisted in showing themselves in my beard when, all those weary years afterwards, I thought I would like to buy the still older Englishman, Gerard, who had no Linnaeus to guide him, who walked about our English lanes centuries ago. What wonderful scenes he must have viewed when they were all a tangle of wild flowers, and plants that are now scarce were common, and the old ploughs, and the curious customs, and the wild red-deer—it would make a good picture, it really would, Gerard studying English orchids! Such a volume!—hundreds of pages, yellow of course, close type, and marvellously well printed. The minute care they must have taken in those early days of printing to get up such a book—a wonderful volume both in bodily shape and contents. Just then the only copy I could hear of was much damaged. The cunning old bookseller said he could make it up; but I have no fancy for patched books, they are not genuine; I would rather have them deficient; and the price was rather long, and so I went Gerardless. Of folk-lore and medicinal use and history and associations here you have hints. The bottom of the sack is not yet; there are the monographs, years of study expended upon one species of plant growing in one locality, perhaps; some made up into thick books and some into broad, quarto pamphlets, with most beautiful plates, that, if you were to see them, would tempt you to cut them out and steal them, all sunk and lost like dead ships under the sand; piles of monographs. There are warehouses in London that are choked to the beams of the roof with them, and every fresh exploration furnishes another shelf load. The source of the Nile was unknown a very few years ago, and now, I have no doubt, there are dozens of monographs on the flowers that flourish there. Indeed, there is not a thing that grows that may not furnish a monograph. The author spends perhaps twenty years in collecting his material, during which time he must of course come across a great variety of amusing information, and then he spends another ten years writing out a fair copy of his labors. Then he thinks it does not quite do in that form, so he snips a paragraph out of the beginning and puts it at the end; next he shifts some more matter from the middle to the preface; then he thinks it over. It seems to him that it is too big, it wants condensation. The scientific world will say he has made too much of it; it ought to read very slight, and present the facts while concealing the

labor. So he sets about removing the superfluous, — leaves out all the personal observations, and all the little adventures he has met with in his investigations; and so, having got it down to the dry bones and stones thereof, and omitted all the mortar that stuck them together, he sends for the engraver, and the next three years are occupied in working up the illustrations. About this time some new discovery is made by a foreign observer, which necessitates a complete revision of the subject, and so, having shifted the contents of the book about hither and thither till he does not know which is the end and which is the beginning, he pitches the much mutilated copy into a drawer and turns the key. Farewell, no more of this; his declining days shall be spent in peace. A few months afterwards a work is announced in Leipsic which "really trenches on my favorite subject, and really after spending a lifetime I can't stand it." By this time his handwriting has become so shaky he can hardly read it himself, so he sends in despair for a lady who works a type-writer, and with infinite patience she makes a clean manuscript of the muddled mass. To the press at last, and the proofs come rapidly. Such a relief! How joyfully easy a thing is when you set about it — but by-and-by this won't do. Sub-section A ought to be in a foot-note, family B is doubtful; and so the corrections grow and run over the margin in a thin treble hand, till they approach the bulk of the original book — a good profit for the printer; and so after about forty years the monograph is published — the work of a life is accomplished. Fifty copies are sent round to as many public libraries and learned societies, and the rest of the impression lies on the shelves till dust and time and spiders' webs have buried it. Splendid work in it too. Looked back upon from to-day with the key of modern thought, these monographs often contain a whole chest of treasure. And still there are the periodicals, a century of magazines and journals and reviews and notices that have been coming out these hundred years and dropping to the ground like dead leaves unnoticed. And then there are the art works — books about shape and color and ornament, and a naturalist lately has been trying to see how the leaves of one tree look fitted on the boughs of another. Boundless is the wealth of Flora's lap; the ingenuity of man has been weaving wreaths out of it for ages, and still the bottom of the sack is not yet. Nor have we got much news of the dandelion. For

I sit on the thrown timber under the trees and meditate, and I want something more; I want the soul of the flowers.

The bee and the butterfly take their pollen and their honey, and the strange moths so curiously colored, like the curious coloring of the owls, come to them by night, and they turn towards the sun and live their little day, and their petals fall, and where is the soul when the body decays? I want the inner meaning and the understanding of the wild flowers in the meadow. Why are they? What end, what purpose? The plant knows, and sees, and feels; where is its mind when the petal falls? Absorbed in the universal dynamic force, or what? They make no shadow of pretence, these beautiful flowers, of being beautiful for my sake, of bearing honey for me; in short, there does not seem to be any kind of relationship between us, and yet — as I said just now — language does not express the dumb feelings of the mind any more than the flower can speak. I want to know the soul of the flowers, but the word soul does not in the smallest degree convey the meaning of my wish. It is quite inadequate; I must hope that you will grasp the drift of my meaning. All these life-labored monographs, these classifications, works of Linnæus, and our own classic Darwin, microscope, physiology, and the flower has not given us its message yet. There are a million books; there are no books; all the books have to be written. What a field! A whole million of books have got to be written. In this sense there are hardly a dozen of them done, and these mere primers. The thoughts of man are like the foraminifera, those minute shells which build up the solid chalk hills and lay the level plain of endless sand; so minute that, save with a powerful lens, you would never imagine the dust on your fingers to be more than dust. The thoughts of man are like these; each to him seems great in his day, but the ages roll, and they shrink till they become triturated dust, and you might, as it were, put a thousand on your thumb-nail. They are not shapeless dust for all that; they are organic, and they build and weld and grow together, till in the passage of time they will make a new earth and a new life. So I think I may say there are no books; the books are yet to be written.

Let us get a little alchemy out of the dandelions. They were not precise, the Arabian sages, with their flowing robes and handwriting; there was a large margin to their manuscripts, much imagination.

Therein they failed, judged by the monograph standard, but gave a subtle food for the mind. Some of this I would fain see now inspiring the works and words of our great men of science and thought — a little alchemy. A great change is slowly going forward all over the printing-press world, I mean wherever men print books and papers. The Chinese are perhaps outside that world at present, and the other Asian races; the myriads, too, of the great Southern Islands and of Africa. The change is steadily, however, proceeding wherever the printing-press is used. Nor pope, nor kaiser, nor czar, nor sultan, nor fanatic monk, nor muezzin, shouting in vain from his minaret, nor, most fanatic of all, the fanatic shouting in vain in London, can keep it out — all powerless against a bit of printed paper. Bits of printed paper that listen to no command, to which none can say, "Stand back; thou shalt not enter." They rise on the summer whirlwinds from the very dust of the road, and float over the highest walls; they fall on the well-kept lawns — monastery, prison, palace — there is no fortress against a bit of printed paper. They penetrate where even Danae's gold cannot go. Our Darwins, our Lyalls, Herschels, Faradays — all the immense army of those that go down to nature with considering eye — are steadfastly undermining and obliterating the superstitious past, literally burying it under endless loads of accumulated facts, and the printing-presses, like so many Argos, take these facts on their voyage round the world. Over go temples, and minarets, and churches, or rather there they stay, the hollow shells, like the snail-shells which thrushes have picked clean; there they stay like Karnac, where there is no more incense, like the stone circles on our own hills, where there are no more human sacrifices. Thus men's minds all over the printing-press world are unlearning the falsehoods that have bound them down so long; they are unlearning, the first step to learn. They are going down to nature and taking up the clods with their own hands, and so coming to have touch of that which is real. As yet we are in the fact stage, by-and-by we shall come to the alchemy and get the honey for the inner mind and soul. I found, therefore, from the dandelion that there were no books, and it came upon me, believe me, as a great surprise, for I had lived quite certain that I was surrounded with them. It is nothing but unlearning, I find now; five thousand books to unlearn.

Then to unlearn the first ideas of history, of science, of social institutions, to unlearn one's own life and purpose; to unlearn the old mode of thought and way of arriving at things; to take off peel after peel, and so get by degrees slowly towards the truth — thus writing, as it were, a sort of floating book in the mind, almost remaking the soul. It seems as if the chief value of books is to give us something to unlearn. Sometimes I feel indignant at the false views that were instilled into me in early days, and then again I see that that very indignation gives me a moral life. I hope in the days to come future thinkers will unlearn us and find ideas infinitely better. How marvellous it seems that there should be found communities furnished with the printing-press and fully convinced they are more intelligent than ants, and yet deliberately refusing by a solid popular vote to accept free libraries! They look with scorn on the mediæval times, when volumes were chained in the college library or to the desk at church. Ignorant times those! A good thing it would be if only three books were chained to a desk, open and free in every parish throughout the kingdom now. So might the wish to unlearn be at last started in the inert mind of the mass. Almost the only books left to me to read, and not to unlearn very much, are my first books — the graven classics of Greece and Rome, cut with a stylus so deeply into the tablet they cannot be erased. Little of the monograph or of classification, no bushel baskets full of facts, no minute dissection of nature, no attempt to find the soul under the scalpel. Thoughts which do not exactly deal with nature direct in a mechanical way, as the chemist labels all his gums and spices and earths in small boxes — I wonder if anybody at Athens ever made a collection of the coleoptera? Yet in some way they had got the spirit of the earth and sea, the soul of the sun. This never dies; this I wish not to unlearn; this is ever fresh and beautiful as a summer morning: —

Such the golden crocus,
Fair flower of early spring; the gopher white,
And fragrant thyme, and all the unsown
beauty
Which in moist grounds the verdant meadows
bear;
The ox-eye, the sweet smelling flower of Jove,
The chalcia, and the much-sung hyacinth,
And the low-growing violet, to which
Dark Proserpine a darker hue has given.

They come nearest to our own violets
and cowslips — the unsown beauty of our

meadows — to the hawthorn leaf and the high pine wood. I can forget all else that I have read, but it is difficult to forget these even when I will. I read them in English. I had the usual Latin and Greek instruction, but I read them in English deliberately. For the inflection of the vowel I care nothing; I prize the idea. Scholars may regard me with scorn. I reply with equal scorn. I say that a great classic thought is greater to an English mind in English words than in any other form, and therein fits best to this our life and day. I read them in English first, and intend to do so to the end. I do not know what set me on these books, but I began them when about eighteen. The first of all was Diogenes Laertius's "Lives of the Philosophers." It was a happy choice; my good genius, I suppose, for you see I was already fairly well read in modern science, and these old Greek philosophies set me thinking backwards, unwinding and unlearning, and getting at that eidolon which is not to be found in the mechanical heavens of this age. I still read him. I still find new things, quite new, because they are so very, very old, and quite true; and with his help I seem in a measure to look back upon our thoughts now as if I had projected myself a thousand years forward in space. An imperfect book, say the critics. I do not know about that; his short paragraphs and chapters in their imperfect state convey more freshness to the mind than the thick, labored volumes in which modern scholarship professes to describe ancient philosophy. I prefer the imperfect original records. Neither can I read the ponderous volumes of modern history, which are nothing but words. I prefer the incomplete and shattered chronicles themselves, where the swords shine and the armor rings, and all is life though but a broken frieze. Next came Plato (it took me a long time to read Plato, and I have had to unlearn much of him) and Xenophon. Socrates's dialectic method taught me how to write, or rather how to put ideas in sequence. Sophocles, too; and last, that wonderful encyclopædia of curious things, Athenæus. So that I found, when the idea of the hundred best books came out, that between seventy and eighty of them had been my companions almost from boyhood, those lacking to complete the number being chiefly ecclesiastical or Continental. Indeed, some years before the hundred books were talked of, the idea had occurred to me of making up a catalogue of books that could be bought for

ten pounds. In an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "The Pigeons at the British Museum" I said: "It seems as if all the books in the world — really books — can be bought for £10. Man's whole thought is purchasable at that small price — for the value of a watch, of a good dog." The idea of making a £10 catalogue was in my mind — I did make a rough pencil one — and I still think that a £10 library is worth the notice of the publishing world. My rough list did not contain a hundred. These old books of nature and nature's mind ought to be chained up, free for every man to read in every parish. These are the only books I do not wish to unlearn, one item only excepted, which I shall not here discuss. It is curious, too, that the Greek philosophers, in the more rigid sense of science, anticipated most of the drift of modern thought. Two chapters in Aristotle might almost be printed without change as summaries of our present natural science. For the facts of nature, of course, neither one hundred books nor a £10 library would be worth mentioning; say five thousand, and having read those, then go to Kew, and spend a year studying the specimens of wood only stored there, such a little slice after all of the whole. You will then believe what I have advanced, that there are no books as yet; they have got to be written; and if we pursue the idea a little further, and consider that these are all about the crude clods of life — for I often feel what a very crude and clumsy clod I am — only of the earth, a minute speck among one hundred millions of stars, how shall we write what is *there*? It is only to be written by the mind or soul, and that is why I strive so much to find what I have called the alchemy of nature. Let us not be too entirely mechanical, Baconian, and experimental only; let us let the soul hope and dream and float on these oceans of accumulated facts and feel still greater aspiration than it has ever known since first a flint was chipped before the glaciers. Man's mind is the most important fact with which we are yet acquainted. Let us not turn then against it and deny its existence with too many brazen instruments, but remember these are but a means, and that the vast lens of the Californian refractor is but glass — it is the infinite speck upon which the ray of light will fall that is the one great fact of the universe. By the mind, without instruments, the Greeks anticipated almost all our thoughts; by-and-by, having raised ourselves up upon these huge mounds of

facts we shall begin to see still greater things; to do so we must not look at the mound under foot but at the starry horizon.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERKING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FLOWERING OF FORGIVENESS.

JOSEPHINE was still before the fire in the cottage, when Richard Cable returned. He came in quietly. Though a solidly built man, he walked lightly, and his step as he entered the kitchen was so little audible that Josephine did not hear it. She was busied in her own thoughts.

But Mrs. Cable saw and heard her son, and at once perceived that something had happened. "What is it?" she asked; but Richard, instead of answering her, went to the fireplace, took Josephine by the hand, and raised her.

"Look at me, miss," he said. "You have given me a right to exercise some sort of authority over you, for you have thrown yourself on my protection and chosen me as your adviser. I give you my opinion now, and tell you what I wish you to do, what I am sure you ought to do."

She looked steadily into his face. He was very grave, even pale. She also saw that something had happened.

"There has been an accident at the Hall. You must return to it at once."

Her lips began to move in protest, and a flicker came into her eyes of reviving opposition.

"Listen to me, Miss Josephine. I would not advise this unless I were sure it was right. It is right all round—right for yourself, right for your father, right for your poor cousin, right for me."

"My cousin?"

"There has been an accident. When I came to the garden gate, I found it unhasped, and —"

"Yes; I came out that way, and may not have fastened it behind me."

"And as I heard your father's voice close by, I opened the gate and went in. I did not wish to see him in the house; I preferred meeting him in the garden."

"I can understand that," said Josephine. "Was he alone?"

"No; he was on that raised place at the bottom of the garden, once used, they say, for winnowing corn."

"Yes, the platt."

"He was there with Mr. Gotham."

Mrs. Cable drew near, a great fear rising in her heart.

"I came up the steps. I do not quite know what happened. It seemed to me there was an altercation going on; but I cannot say. I came in quickly through the gate and up the steps, and did not listen to what they were saying, nor see them till I was right on them. Mr. Cornellis was leaning forward with his hand toward Mr. Gotham, who stood inwards, so to speak, with his back to the garden, where there is no wall; and I cannot say how it came about, whether he was surprised at my sudden appearance, or whether he lost his balance stepping back from Mr. Cornellis. I say, I cannot tell how it came about, but he fell backwards off the platt, headlong into the garden."

Bessie Cable uttered a cry, and stood with her eyes distended with terror, looking at her son, her hands clenched, her arms stiff, stretched out at her sides.

"Mr. Cornellis and I ran down to his aid at once. I raised him in my arms. He was not conscious. I sent your father to the house, and when help came, he was removed to his bedroom, and the doctor sent for."

"Cousin Gabriel!" exclaimed Josephine, the tears rising in her eyes. "Oh, poor Cousin Gabriel! What did the doctor say?"

"I did not wait to hear."

"Is he—very seriously hurt?"

"I fear so. He did not speak. The gardener has pots and other things in the corner where he fell, and I am afraid he struck his head on some hard substance. He was not conscious. He did not know that he was being moved, and I suspect his spine is also injured."

"You think he will die!" cried Josephine in terror. She had not realized at first the seriousness of the accident.

"I do not doubt it."

Josephine stood in hesitation. She put her knuckles to her lips. "What am I to do? What ought I to do?"

"I have told you," said Richard Cable.

"You must go to the Hall."

Then Mrs. Cable closed her strong hand about Josephine's wrist; she did not speak, but she drew her with her. She did not wait to put anything over her head; she went forth as she was, and Josephine unresistingly went with her.

The house was in commotion. Aunt Judith was useless. She had retired to her own room and rung for sherry, as she felt faint. The servants had lost their heads, and were ordering each other about to do impossible or useless things. No one attended to Miss Judith's bell, which rang violently every few minutes.

Mrs. Cable and Josephine entered unnoticed, and proceeded at once to the room where the unfortunate man lay. As they entered, Mr. Cornellis, who was there, started. He had been overhauling Gotham's *secrétaire*. He knew the will was there; but he wished to satisfy himself that it had not been destroyed. It was there, with the date on the envelope when it was made.

Gabriel Gotham had not been undressed; he lay on the bed just as he had been placed there, and his condition remained unaltered. His eyes were dull, like those of a man drunk with sleep, and his breathing was stertorous. There was certainly pressure on the brain. The pillow was stained with blood that flowed from a wound in the back of his head.

Mr. Cornellis took no notice of his daughter. He had not the smallest suspicion that she had attempted her life, and been saved by Cable. He looked hard at her dress—she was in a gown of Mrs. Cable's that did not fit her—but he asked no question. He supposed his daughter had been playing some new vagary, which did not greatly concern him, and about which he need not inquire. He said to Bessie Cable: "Your son startled Mr. Gotham. He came in on him unexpectedly. Why Mr. Gotham should have been so surprised by seeing him, I cannot tell; he sprang back as if he had seen a ghost, and though I put out my hand to save him, I was too late; he fell off the window-stew, and I fear has met with a fatal injury. What do you want?" This was addressed to a servant girl who hovered at the bedroom door with a frightened face.

"Please, sir," said the girl, "do you know where the key of the cellarette is? Miss Cornellis seed the master being took up-stairs, and it has upset her so bad that she wants some sherry, and we don't know where the key is."

"It is in your master's pocket," said Mr. Cornellis. "She must wait till it can be taken from him—till he is undressed."

Steps were heard on the stairs. The surgeon had come.

"I have not ventured to have him touched till you could see him," said Mr.

Cornellis to the medical man. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" He was agitated; his voice shook, he turned his face away that his emotion might not be seen. "The whole thing was done so suddenly. It is a fearful shock to us all." Then he repeated the account of how Gabriel fell, as he had given it to Bessie, only adding, whilst his eye was fixed on her: "Why he started was no doubt this—he was astonished at the intrusion. My cousin was very tenacious of his privacy. How the man got in, I do not know."

"By the gate," said Josephine. "I left it open."

"Or what he wanted, I cannot conjecture," added Mr. Cornellis.

"I cannot examine him till he is undressed," said the surgeon. "We must have a nurse."

"I am here," said Bessie. "Let Mr. and Miss Cornellis leave the room."

The ex-missionary hesitated a moment, and then complied. As he went through the door, he saw the maid again, who asked: "Please, sir, have you got the key?"

"Key? What key?"

"Please, sir, Miss Cornellis has the hysterics for want of sherry. There goes her bell again."

"Bother her sherry! Stand out of the way."

Half an hour later, Mr. Cornellis was summoned.

The surgeon was a plain, blunt man. "I've overhauled him," he said. "It is of no use giving you false hopes. He can live only a few hours."

Mr. Cornellis nodded; he was sure of this before the doctor came.

"Can you stay?" he asked.

"I will call again later. I can do no good. If I could I would stay. Let Mrs. Cable remain with him; he must not be left alone." Then he gave a few perfunctory directions and departed.

Cornellis looked at Bessie Cable with a sarcastic smile: "Too late, my good woman."

"Too late for what?" she asked, turning slowly, haughtily towards him. Poor and ignorant woman though she was, she had a certain stateliness in all her actions, a dignity in all she did.

"Merely, dear Mrs. Cable, that you are too late to get anything from him. He will not recover consciousness."

"Too late to get?" she asked gravely, raising her tall form and looking coldly at the ex-missionary. "To get what? I want nothing of him."

"Oh no, my good woman; of course not. I know your story. You might, had you been in time, have secured something; but—you are too late. He will never move hand or tongue again."

"I—I take anything of him? I ask anything of him?" She shook her head. "You may know my story, but you do not know me. I came, not to get, but to give."

"To give what?"

"What you would neither understand nor value. Leave me alone with him."

He did not care to remain. He went over to the *secrétaire*, locked it, and took away the key.

"You will call me if he is worse, if there is any change," he said in a tone of indifference. He did not care to keep up appearances before Bessie Cable, who could injure or benefit him in no way. She slightly bowed her head. Then, twirling the key on his forefinger, he went out.

"Please, sir," said the maid, "is that the key? Miss Cornellis has pulled down the bellrope; she do want her sherry, awful!"

When Bessie Cable was alone in the room with Gabriel Gotham, she took the lamp, and with steady hand carried it to the bedside and held it up, that the light might fall full on him. He lay before her a poor broken wretch, with a bandage round his head, the back of which was crushed in; and with an injured spine. Had the skull alone been fractured, the surgeon would have operated; with the broken spine it was useless. His eyelids were half closed; the glitter of the white of the eyes could be seen beneath them. His breathing was noisy, showing pressure on the brain. The weak mouth was half open, showing the teeth. There was no beauty, no nobility in the face, nothing to attract love.

Bessie had not so steadily and for long looked at him since he had betrayed and left her. Now, as she studied him, in the bright circle of light cast by the lamp, she thought how wonderful it was that after their long separation, she should be with him again, that he should be without a loving hand to smooth his pillow, a tearful eye to watch for his last breath.

In that very room, many, many years ago, she had watched him when he was ill with scarlet fever. Then she had insisted on being his nurse, and she had attended him faithfully, till she herself took the fever. When she was ill, he did not come near her in the lodge.

She looked round the room. Old times

came back. She tried to trace the features of the sick boy, laid on that same bed, in the face of the dying man. The face was much changed, and yet it was the same; the face is the hieroglyph of the soul, the picture that gives expression to the idea. Here, all through life had been a cowardly, selfish, ignoble mind; and it had written its characters in every line and curve of the commonplace face.

As Bessie looked at him, her eyes were dry, a sternness was in them, and her brows were set, as were her lips. When she knew he was injured and dying, she went to him. Who had such a right as she? In the time of his prosperity, she kept away; but when he was cast down and broken, she came to him as was natural.

As she stood, considering his face, her mind ranged over the time they were together, their childhood, the protection she had extended to the feeble lad, and the love and pity, the love that had sprung out of the pity wherewith she had regarded him. She had loved him. She had loved none but him, and it seemed strange to herself now that this could have been.

Then she thought of the short happiness of their married life, and then the agony of her disenchantment. Now the hand that held the lamp began to tremble, and the lights and shadows about the sick man's face to dance; her hand trembled with wrath at the recollection of the injustice done her—done her by this man, lying before her.

The hand of God had sought and found him, and punished him. She believed Cornellis's story. What more probable than that the sudden apparition of his son should make Gabriel Gotham spring back, oblivious of the gap behind him? Could he have seen him appear and remain seated, unmoved? Her heart was filled with conflicting emotions—wrath at her wrong, pity for his condition.

"That is true which I said to him," she muttered; "the plant forgiveness is hard to strike, and difficult to get to flower."

He had imbibed, he had ruined her whole life. She who had been so strong and confident, had lost her hope in life after her betrayal. Without any fault of her own, her character had been blasted; and a stain rested on her son. She had scarce mentioned his father to Richard, and Richard had refrained from asking about him. He feared to know all. She was a dishonored woman in the eyes of her son; this wretched man on the bed had put a barrier of suspicion between her

son and her. Richard could not regard her with that holy reverence that a son should have for a mother whose name is without a spot.

She had had a hard battle to fight for some years to maintain herself and her child, too proud to accept assistance from the Gotham family. She, who might have been an honest man's wife, ruling her house, surrounded by her children, had been for long alone, poor, unhappy. Indeed, she had a great debt of wrong written up in her heart against this man she was now looking on.

In physics, all forces are correlated; heat and light are but different phases of the same force, which manifests itself now in one way, then in another; and heat translates itself into light, and light relapses into mere heat. It is the same in psychics. The various passions are correlated, various manifestations of the same energy. Love becomes momentarily hate, but then sometimes as momentarily reverts to love.

For nearly forty years Bessie Cable had nursed her wrongs, and had eaten out her heart with rage and gall; and now, as she looked at the cause of all her misery, the bitterness rose up and overflowed her soul; but at the same moment Gabriel opened his eyes; for one brief instant they seemed to gather consciousness, and he muttered, "Bessie!"

In a minute, all the hate, the wrath, were gone. In a minute, love, pity, sweetness, gushed hot and strong through her heart. It is said that the Amazon is sometimes checked by belts of weed that form across the river, and weave into a vegetable felt, upwards, downwards, athwart, and in and out, making a dense impenetrable barrier, and the mighty stream, the main artery of a continent, is arrested, and thrown back to inundate vast tracts of land. Then, all at once it breaks its chain of green, and the mighty volume sweeps along its proper channel, carrying with it, in fragments rolled over and torn to shreds, the weedy belt. So is it with the human heart, so was it now with that of gray-haired Bessie Cable. Everything was forgotten—the wrongs, resentment, privations, heartaches, the woven and interlaced hedge of stubborn pride—all went down and went away in a moment, and the great natural artery of love burst and poured forth and suffused the poor wretch on his death-bed—a creature as unconscious now of what he received as he had ever been incapable of valuing that precious flood.

Wondrous is the generosity, the power of forgiveness in the human heart! Mercy, says Shakespeare, droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the earth beneath; but forgiveness wells up from the depths of the heart itself. It may be stamped down, and choked and overpaved, till it seems that it is no more there; and yet at last, at an unconsidered moment, it breaks forth, it dissolves the hardest crust, and flows in newness, all-embracingness, purifying and refreshing.

Bessie was on her knees by the bed, and the tears rolled down her aged cheeks. She held the hand that had been given her once, and been withdrawn from her. She looked longingly at the dull eyes that had recognized her for a moment, listened to hear again her name coupled with a word of love from the lips that had spoken.

The house was still that night. The servants had gone to bed. Mr. Cornellis was in his own room; he was satisfied. In an hour or two, the inheritance would be his, and his embarrassments at an end. Miss Judith was quiet; she had got her sherry.

Bessie was glad that she was undisturbed, that she was left alone with Gabriel that night when he passed away—but did not pass till the plant forgiveness had flowered, and been laid on his dead heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PILOT.

THE funeral of Mr. Gabriel Gotham, J.P.—he never gained the distinction of D.L.—was fairly well attended. The coffin was preceded by a detachment of police, walking two and two, wearing white gloves; and was followed by the Cornellis family and by several of the gentry of the neighborhood. The coffin was of polished oak, with brass mountings. The church bell tolled; and the pulpit and altar and the family pew were in mourning.

After the funeral, a few came back to the Hall to partake of refreshments whilst their carriages were being got ready. The rector speedily took off his surplice and scarf and curled up his black kid gloves, and came. The lawyer of the deceased was also there, a local man, who lived in Hanford, who made out the leases for Mr. Gotham.

When the guests from a distance were gone, and only the rector and the solicitor remained, Justin Cornellis said with a sad smile: "It is, I suppose, usual on these melancholy occasions to produce and read

the will; but Mr. Coxe no doubt is aware of the arrangement made by my poor cousin. I have the key of his bureau. The will is in it, I believe. I will run up-stairs and bring it down, if Mr. Coxe would like to see it. There is, however, no necessity; I will have it proved forthwith at Somerset House."

"I have it, sir," said the lawyer.

"You have it!" exclaimed Mr. Cornellis, stopping short on his way to the door.

"Mr. Gotham made his will at my office the day he met with his fatal accident; in fact, only a few hours before—perhaps not more than an hour and a half previous."

"I beg your pardon! Is this possible? With what object?" Mr. Cornellis looked very blank.

"Well, sir, I suppose he changed his mind. I have the will here. It is short and to the point. The rector and my clerk witnessed it."

"I came down to the beach," said the rector, "when poor Gotham was there with Miss Josephine inspecting a new vessel just built by Grimes; and he, poor fellow, asked me to do him the favor of stepping with him to the office of his solicitor. It turned out that he wanted to make his will, and get me to attest it. I suppose he felt unwell that day; had some premonition of what would happen. I suspect the true explanation of his fall is that he had a stroke, and that is what made him lose his balance. It was an odd coincidence his making a will the same day he lost his faculties."

"Let me look at it," said Cornellis huskily.

"Nothing can be simpler," said the lawyer Coxe. "He has left everything to your daughter, Miss Josephine—that is, to the rector, myself, and Mr. Cable, in trust for her, till she is of age, and not under coverture. I must ask that Miss Cornellis may be present whilst I read the will, as it concerns her more than any one else."

"And—myself?" stammered the missionary.

"There is a hundred pounds apiece left to me, sir, to the rector, and Cable, as executors; to the servants, a small remembrance. That is all. You are not mentioned."

Mr. Cornellis said no more. He rang the bell for his daughter, and remained silent whilst the will was being read.

The rector and the solicitor left, and then he was alone with Josephine. The calmness he had assumed during the pres-

ence of the two gentlemen deserted him. He became limp in body and haggard in face. His usual assurance and self-confidence were gone, knocked down by this unexpected blow, and he did not know what line to take. He felt that his position was critical. The object of the wretched old squire was clear to him. Mr. Gotham had made Josephine his heirless because he believed she would marry Richard Cable; and he had so entangled her with Cable, that it would not be easy for her to break away without a slur remaining on her character. This was why he had advanced the money for the purchase of the boat, why he had had it called the Josephine, and made the girl give it to Cable. This also was why he had made him trustee with the rector and Coxe.

He was no hero to his daughter; he had contemptuously flung away his natural opportunities of gaining her respect and securing her love; and now he regretted this mistake, because he was disappointed of his ambition and made dependent on her. He had wasted all the money his wife had brought; nothing of it remained, except what he could secure from the insurance company, in compensation for his house and goods consumed by fire.

"Well, Josephine," he said, not looking her in the face, "luck smiles on you, and turns her back on me. Look at poor Gotham's old will. By it, everything fell to me; and now, at the last moment, when he was half crazed, he went and made a fresh disposition of the property. I might contest the new will; indeed I have a mind to serve a *caveat* against its being proved, till I have considered the matter. The new will is so preposterous that it cannot stand. Poor fellow! He was off his head when he made it. But it will not do to have quarrels in families. It would be a scandal if you and I were ranged against one another in court; and I propose a compromise."

"I think, papa, you had better settle that with the trustees—Mr. Sellwood and Mr. Coxe and Richard Cable."

He frowned. "I can have nothing to do with Mr. Sellwood, nor you either, since you have refused his son! No, Josephine; I speak as a father to a child. I want no law; I want a fair arrangement between us. If you satisfy me, I will withdraw my opposition to the will."

"I do not know what the property of poor Cousin Gabriel is worth," said Josephine.

"About two thousand five hundred, gross; but nett, nothing like that sum."

"Papa, I will talk the matter over with Richard —"

"Richard!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Richard Cable," answered Josephine. "I have put myself in his hands. I did so when I thought myself a poor girl; now I am rich I cannot twist myself out of his hands."

"Oh, as to that," said her father, "give yourself no concern; I'll manage it. That which was absurd yesterday, is impossible now."

"I did not mean that I could not extricate myself, papa, but that I would not."

"Then you are a fool," said he bluntly — "a greater fool than I conceived you to be. The man is a vulgar sailor, and talks broad Essex."

"I beg your pardon, papa. He is a man of honor and integrity — a gentleman at heart."

"I do not profess to know his heart. If his gentility is within, turn him inside out, please, before presenting him to me and the world." He laughed contemptuously. "I suppose your mother-in-law will char for you — ninepence a day with six meals and her beer."

Josephine colored.

"As for the snivelling babies," he said scornfully — "insist on a free application of soap, and the use of a tooth-comb before introducing them into this house." Then, impatiently: "Pshaw! The thing is too absurd. I cannot believe in such a climax of folly as that my own daughter should voluntarily set herself up to be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood. I'll offer the lout a hundred pounds to marry Betty the scullery-maid, and get rid of him that way."

"Papa," said Josephine, with troubled face, "you cannot alter matters by talking in that way. You drove me mad the other day, and I tried to drown myself; then Richard saved me for the second time from death. I had no one to whom to look for succor, advice, comfort, and I turned to him."

"There — there!" said Mr. Cornellis. "Like a Newfoundland dog, I suppose, he went into the water after you. It does not follow that because a dog draws you out of the water, you are to worship and obey Ponto ever after; a pat and a bone will suffice for him. My dear Josephine, it is only in the fairy tale that Beauty, when she marries the Beast, finds him transform himself into a glittering prince. In real life, when Beauty thus descends, she finds the Beast become infinitely and degradingly

more beastly." Then, unable to keep his temper any longer under semblance of control, he left the room, took up his hat, and walked through the garden, out at the gate, and along the sea-wall to the Cables' cottage. He walked in with his hat on, after having rapped at the door, and asked Mrs. Cable for her son. She told him he was in the garden, and he went through the house to him.

"Good-evening," he said a little roughly, for his temper was nettled. "I've come for a word or two with you. What is this Miss Josephine tells me about her trying to drown herself, and throwing herself on your protection?"

Richard stood up, and looked Mr. Cornellis in the face gravely out of his clear, steady eyes. "Has she told you aught about it, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, she has — some rodomontade. I beg your pardon; you probably do not understand the word, and would be at a loss to spell it. Some nonsense, I mean. She tumbled into the mud, and you picked her out."

"Sir, it happened as Miss Josephine said."

"She entered into no particulars. She was in one of her tall moods, giving herself tiptoe airs. I do not care for the particulars. How she got into the mud is nought to me; how she got out is more my concern. Did she scramble out, or did you pull her out?"

"I brought her here, sir. She was in the water, not in the mud."

"You brought her here! Why not to her home?"

"Because she refused to be taken home."

"And then she threw herself on you for advice and protection — advice as to nothing, protection against nobody. Not a soul desired to hurt her, and it is a matter of no importance what and who advised her, for she is so headstrong that she will go only her own way."

"What she asked me, sir," said the sailor, "and what was said, are between herself and me."

"You refuse to tell me what passed?"

"Miss Josephine spoke to me in confidence!"

There was something so offensive and irritating in the tone of Mr. Cornellis, that Richard began to see how it was possible for the poor girl to be worked into a condition of exasperation by her father, such that she should try to destroy herself.

The ex-missionary looked hard at the sailor, who met his eye frankly.

"I do not know what tomfoolery my daughter has been playing with you; but you will please to understand that whatever she said, she said in joke."

"Miss Josephine knows that best, sir. If she spoke in joke—so; if in earnest—so." He was not to be brow-beaten; he was calm, grave, and earnest.

"I do not know how she expressed herself; words are various in their meanings, and a simple word lightly said may be taken seriously, and have grave consequences. You must distinctly understand, my man, that Miss Cornellis has acted contrary to my wishes in coming here to play with your brats—children. There are children to be played with on her own level of life, without stooping to yours. I mean no offence. Your children may be very nice and dear and all that sort of thing, but they are as apart from the sphere in which my daughter moves as if they belonged to the dog-star."

"The stars are above," said Cable coolly.

Mr. Cornellis was beating about the bush. He did not want to admit that his daughter had spoken seriously to him about an engagement with Cable; he desired to hear Cable's version of the interview, and then to take his course. But Richard was reserved. Mr. Justin Cornellis could get nothing out of him, and was himself losing his temper.

"Now, look here," said he. "My daughter has made you a present of a boat. I advanced the money. She gave it to you. I thought it would seem to come more gracefully from her; but don't you build any ambitions on that transaction. She owed you a debt, and has paid it; and she is now quit. I dare say she has said some nonsense to you since. Girls have no control over their fancies and tongues. Mind you, my good fellow, I object to her coming here. If she returns, she will incur my severe displeasure; and I warn you that no serious intention lurks behind her words."

"What words, sir?"

"Any words she may have said."

Cable considered a moment, then, he said with self-restraint: "Sir, I have listened to what you have said; but I can't make much out of it. You don't wish the young lady to come here to see my young folks; very well, sir. She shall not come if I can help it. I would not have one of my little girls disobey me; and if I led your daughter into disobedience, I should expect to be punished in like manner in my own children. But, sir, Miss Jose-

phine spoke to me when she was much in earnest and was very unhappy. I know well we be of different build. She's a clipper yacht, and I a coal barge; but that is neither here nor there. She appealed to me, and I answered her. If she meant nought by it, I am content. I will go with you to the Hall, sir, and see her in your presence, and she shall tell me what she means. Whichever way she decides, I am content."

As the two men turned to leave the garden by the way of the bridge, Josephine herself appeared from under the willows, crossed the plank, opened the wicket, and came towards them.

"I knew papa had come here," she said; "so I have followed."

"I am glad you are on the spot," said Mr. Cornellis—but his looks belied his words—"that you may hear what I have been saying to Mr. Cable. I have told him that you have used random words to him, the purport of which I know, though I do not know the exact expressions used. You were excited at the time, possibly light-headed. Your words are not to be taken at the foot of the letter. What you said in heat you regret when cool. A lady is always allowed to change her mind; and circumstances having altered, you have altered your purpose. You will understand, Mr. Cable, that the girl is not of age."

"Papa," said Josephine, turning to him, and then to Cable, "Richard—I can now say to both what must be said. I am not a weathercock. When I give my word, I stick to it. I placed myself in the hands of Richard Cable, and asked him to direct the course of my life, when I felt that I had lost confidence in you, papa—in every one; when I believed myself to be a poor girl without a penny. Mr. Cable does not know what has happened to alter my circumstances; that, however, does not alter my purpose, but intensifies my resolution. If before, when I was poor and without responsibilities, I wanted a help, now that I am well off, and am likely to have many responsibilities, I shall need assistance much more. He is the only man to whom I can look with perfect trust, and to him I still turn. I do not wish to reproach you, papa; but as you have mismanaged my little fortune left me by my mother, I do not wish you to play ducks and drakes with that bequeathed to me by my cousin. Besides, he did not appoint you executor and trustee, but he appointed Richard Cable. There is no one—no one to whom I can look up as I

look up to him. I dare say my choice will shock the neighborhood; but I do not care; I must seek my own happiness and welfare above everything else. When a poor creature is drowning, she clings to the spar that is floating near her, and which she knows will sustain her, and does not apologize to the hencoops and empty barrels drifting around that she does not lay hold of them instead of the spar."

Mr. Cornellis turned livid. "Take care, Josephine; you almost persuade me that a lunatic asylum is your proper home."

"I ask Richard Cable to protect me. He will see that I am not spirited away to a madhouse. I am sorry," she continued, "very sorry, not at all glad, that cousin Gotham has made me his heiress. I had ten thousand times rather have been a poor man's wife, in such a position that the road of duty was straight and clear before me. Now I fear my way will be less obvious; but I shall have one to steer me who is the best of pilots." She extended her hand to Richard.

From Murray's Magazine.
BENABOO.

THE basha of Tangier, Kaid Mohamed Benabdelmalek, better known as Benaboo (*Anglice*, the son of his father), was governor of that province in the year 1857. He had previously held the post of commander-in-chief of the sultan's cavalry, was distinguished for bravery when his Sheereefan Majesty, whom, it is believed, "Allah protects," marched annually against rebellious tribes "to eat them up," an expression very significative of a Moorish monarch's plan of campaign.

Benaboo had also been for many years governor-general of the Reef provinces. He was a Reefian by extraction, as most of the inhabitants of Tangier are. One of his ancestors in the time of Charles II., when the English were in possession of Tangier, commanded an army sent to invade that place. In a sanguinary conflict which took place between the Moors and the English, when the latter stormed the heights where the Moorish forces had encamped above the river of Boubana, about two miles from Tangier, Benaboo's ancestor was killed.

The site is called to this day the Emjahadeen, or Warriors of the Faith. It is considered holy ground, as those who fell in that battle against infidels, were buried on the spot. Koobas, or cupola-

formed mausoleums, were erected, in which the bodies of the Moorish chieftains were laid. These tombs had of late years fallen into ruin; but the present governor of Tangier, Basha Cid Mohamed Benabdelmalek, a relative of Benaboo, has recently restored the tomb of their common ancestor. A regiment of our Foot-guards took part in the action, and it is said that the member of the Guards' band who plays the cymbals used to wear an Oriental costume, in commemoration of this battle.

When Mr. Bulwer was sent to Tangier on a mission by the British and Spanish governments to settle the differences between Spain and Morocco in 1845, I gave him a long rapier which I had found at low water in the ruins of the fine old mole which the English blew up, from a dog-in-the-manger policy, when they gave up the place. The hilt had on one side a C. (standing for Charles), on the other a rose. Though it had lain for nearly three centuries in salt water, I managed to restore the weapon, which proved to be of beautiful steel, and before I introduced the lance for pig-sticking, I had killed boar with this rapier at full gallop on the plains of Awara.

It was past eleven, P. M., I had donned my dressing-gown and was about to go to bed. Lights had been extinguished. The servants had retired, when the porter at the gate of the Legation, a Moorish soldier, lantern in hand, appeared. He was trembling with excitement, and could hardly articulate as he addressed me. "The basha is here, alone in the porch. He came on foot and is without an attendant. He wishes to see you at once. He has commanded that 'I shut my tongue within my teeth.'"

I received the basha, who was an old friend, in my dressing-gown. He was about six foot three in height, and of an Herculean frame. His features were very marked; a prominent Roman nose and massive jaw, with eyes like a lion; shaggy locks hung beneath his turban over each ear. The general expression of his countenance was that of a stern tyrant, but in conversation with those he liked, his face beamed with good-humor, and he had a pleasant, kind manner.

Benaboo was very intelligent, and not a fanatic, as Moorish grandees generally are. After friendly salutations, and bidding him welcome, I enquired the cause of his visit at such an unusual hour.

The basha, having looked around repeatedly, to satisfy himself that there

were no eavesdroppers, said: "I come to you as the only friend I can trust, to beg a great favor. This evening an officer arrived with a letter from the sultan, summoning me to the Shereefian court. I leave to-morrow at daybreak. You know," he continued, "what this means — either it is to extend my government to the district of A — which I have applied for, or it is to place me under arrest, and then, by long imprisonment, or even the bastinado, to extort, under the pretext of arrears of taxes or other dues, the little wealth I have accumulated during my long and arduous services, both in H. I. M.'s campaigns and as governor of the Reef. I am an old soldier, and it is my firm intention, even if I were put into the wooden jelab* or other torture, not to give one fels either to the sultan, the vizier, or other rapacious satellites of the court, who, no doubt, expect to fleece me as they do other bashas and sheikhs, even if it is the sultan's will that I am to receive some mark of his good-will.

"The favor I have to beg of you," continued Benaboo, "is that you allow me to leave in your possession some bags of gold I have brought with me."

I looked at the basha; he had nothing in his hands, but, beneath the ample folds of his soolham, I observed that his huge chest and body were distended to an extraordinary size.

"I am very sorry," I replied, "to hear of the sudden summons to the court, which, I fear, bodes no good. I shall be happy, as an old friend, to do anything to help you; but," I added, "it will be a delicate matter for me, as British minister, to receive in deposit a large sum of money, which might hereafter be claimed as arrears of taxes due to the treasury, when the British government might disapprove of my having placed myself in a false position."

Benaboo replied that he had paid up all arrears of taxes; that the money he wished to leave with me was not only savings effected during a long career of forty years, but money inherited from his father. He added, "I have also other money, which I secretly placed some time ago, for safety

and profit, in the hands of a wealthy Jew, who is under foreign protection."

Benaboo reminded me, that when war broke out between Spain and Morocco I had allowed the Moorish minister for foreign affairs — Cid Mohamed Khuteeb — to deposit about £10,000 in my hands, and he pleaded so earnestly that I gave way.

Taking the key of a cellar where I kept a stock of wine, and which my butler never visited unless I accompanied him, I led the basha to it.

"Can no one hear or observe us?" asked the basha, as we descended into the cellar. I replied that the servants were all in bed, and the porter was at the gate, and could not intrude, as I had locked the front door of the Legation.

Bag after bag was extracted from Benaboo's portly person, and deposited in an empty bin, which I selected for that purpose.

I observed to the basha the bags were not sealed, being tied with string, and I offered to fetch sealing-wax, and requested also that he would mark on each bag its contents.

He declined, saying he really did not know the amount of money each bag contained, and had neither time nor inclination to count the coin; but he added, "It is all good, and safer in your hands than in a bank." By laying some lathes on the top of the pile, and then bottles of wine, the treasure was well concealed, should I have occasion to visit the cellar with my butler.

On returning to my study, I took up a sheet of paper and pen, and told the basha I was about to prepare a receipt, stating that a number of bags without seal, contents unknown, had been deposited by him in my cellar, and that I was not responsible for losses occasioned by fire, robbery, etc. "Do you think," said the basha, "I am *hamak* [mad] to take such a receipt? Don't you understand that if I took it with me to the court, I may be searched? If I leave such a document with my wife [he had only one] no woman can hold her tongue, the secret would be betrayed. My sons are spendthrifts, and not to be depended on." I suggested that he should take my receipt and hide it in his house, or bury it in his garden until his return from the court.

He declined, saying, "Walls have ears, trees have eyes, so not only must I decline to take a receipt, but I beg that you will keep no record of having received these bags from me." I remonstrated,

* The torture of the wooden jelab is only resorted to in extreme cases to extort a confession about wealth supposed to be hidden. The instrument of torture is made of wood, and resembles the outer hooded garment of a Franciscan friar. It is placed upright, and the victim is squeezed into it in a standing position; points of iron project in various parts preventing the inmate from reclining or resting any part of his body without great suffering. There he is left upon bread and water, to pass days and nights, until he divulges where his wealth is hidden.

saying, "I may die; my heirs will find the money in the cellar and will rightfully appropriate it, even if you or your heirs were to claim the money, for there will be no proof that you are the rightful owner. You also," I added, "are in the hands of Allah, and may die." Benaboo replied, "We are all in the hands of Allah. What is written* by the Almighty is written. I have entire confidence in you, and if you die, as you say might happen, and your son and daughters, whom I know and love as my own, got possession of the money—it could not fall into better hands."

He then took leave, and wishing him godspeed, I let him out by the garden door. Summoning the porter, I told him the basha was leaving for the court in the morning, and had come to announce his departure; I warned him not to let any one hear of the visit, as it might give offence to other representatives, upon whom he had not time to call to take leave. "Remember," I said, "you are a soldier of the basha, and if you betray his visit he may some day mark his displeasure."

Benaboo departed for the court the following morning, leaving his elder son, who had been his khalifa, or lieutenant-governor, in charge of the government of the province.

On the arrival of Benaboo at the court, he was summoned by the vizier, who informed him that the sultan was dissatisfied with the accounts rendered by him of receipts of taxes and dues during his government both of the Tangier and Reef provinces; that a house had been allotted to him, where he was to reside, and consider himself under arrest until more regular accounts were presented. Benaboo replied that the vizier knew the Reefians never paid tithes upon land or agriculture; that he had transmitted regularly to the court the presents of mules and other gifts which the Reef population had delivered to him, as their customary annual tribute to the sultan, as "Prince of Believers and Allah's Caliph;" that as to the Tangier province, he had presented annually an account of receipts of taxes, and other dues; that the receipts had greatly diminished on account of irregular protection being extended by foreign ministers and consuls to rich farmers, and to the peasantry in general, and that all protected persons were held by the foreign

representatives to be exempted from the payment of taxes or other contributions to the government.

Guarded by the vizier's cavasses, Benaboo was taken to the small house that had been prepared for his confinement. He was allowed to retain one of his followers; the body-guard he had brought from Tangier was dismissed, and ordered to return.

Months passed, Benaboo remained under arrest; his son, the khalifa at Tangier, died. This misfortune, and the harsh treatment he had received as an old and loyal servant of the sultan, preyed on his mind. Ague, followed by typhus fever, prostrated him, and Benaboo petitioned the sultan to be allowed to send for his younger son Fatmeh. This was granted, and Fatmeh arrived a few days before his father's death.

On the return of Fatmeh to Tangier, I waited some days expecting him to call and claim the money left in my possession; but he did not appear, so I sent for him.

After expressions of condolence about the death of his father, I enquired whether he had found him still sensible on his arrival at the court, and whether his father had given him any message for me. He said he had found his father in a dying state, but perfectly sensible, and that he was able to give him full directions about his property; that he had spoken of me, and had used the words, "God's blessing be on his head, he has been a true friend to me and to the Mohamedans!" "Did he not mention," I asked, "that he had seen me the night before he left Tangier, and had placed money in my hands? Did he not mention also that he had left property in the hands of a Jewish friend?"

"Yes," he replied, "a large sum with —, which I have had the greatest difficulty to recover, though my mother had a receipt. Two thousand dollars were paid by my family to recover the money left in the Jew's hands."

"Did your father not tell you," I repeated, "that I had also received a deposit in money for which, as requested, I did not give a receipt?" On Fatmeh replying in the negative, I told him to return to his mother and ask her whether her late husband had ever mentioned his intention of depositing secretly, for safety, money in my hands, adding, "Come back, unattended, to the Legation at midnight, and enter without knocking at the garden door, which you will find open."

* Mohamedans believe that dates of all deaths are written in a book by Allah.

At midnight Fatmeh returned. I awaited him. He informed me that his mother had never heard or supposed that any money had been deposited with me. We then descended into the cellar, and, pointing to the bin where the bags lay, I told him to remove the bottles and lathes.

"These bags," I said, "contain coin left me by your father, who refused to accept a receipt. They now belong to his heirs. I know not the amount, but I wish you to open each bag before you leave, and to bring me to-morrow some proof that you have delivered the money to your mother."

Fatmeh took down a bag, and opening it, exclaimed in a very excited manner, "Gold!" Each bag was opened with the same exclamation, his excitement increasing. Having finished the examination of the bags, I told him to put them, as his father had done, in the ample folds of his dress, above the girdle. "All?" he said. I replied "All." He hesitated, and then turning to me, observed: "Shall I not leave you half." "You are hamak," I replied. "Don't you understand, that if I had wanted this money I might have kept all?"

So he interned bag after bag in the ample folds of his dress until he could hold do more, for he was a smaller man than his father.

Three bags remained, which he said he could not possibly carry in his dress, and begged that I would keep them. I replied angrily, and fetching a basket, put the remaining bags into it, and, bidding him good-night, I passed him through the garden gate.

Next day I received, through a mutual Mohamedan friend in the confidence of the family, a message from Benaboo's widow, to say her son* had delivered to her all that he had received from me.

A week passed, and Fatmeh again asked me for an interview. He informed me he had come with a message from his mother and sister to reiterate their thanks, and to beg that I should not refuse to accept, as a token of their gratitude, a Spanish "three-decker," of which Fatmeh gave the following history.

"In the last great naval war between Spain and England, my great-grandfather was basha of Tangier. He was on the most intimate terms of friendship with the Spanish representative, and was a strong partisan of Spain and unfriendly towards

the English. Having granted to the Spanish representative some special privilege unauthorized by the sultan, his intrigues and proceedings came to the knowledge of his Shereefian Majesty. An officer and an executioner were despatched forthwith to Tangier. My ancestor was decapitated, and his head was placed by special order of the sultan over the gateway of the residence of the Spanish representative.

"Amongst other gifts which had been presented to my ancestor by the Spanish government was the model of a Spanish three-decker, in a glass case, about four feet long. It was much prized by my late father, and my mother and our family beg you to accept it."

I accepted the gift of the line-of-battle ship. It was a curious old model, very complete, with figures of sailors in the rigging, and Spanish flag flying.

Unfortunately, when I returned to England last summer the three-decker was wrecked at the London custom-house by a careless porter, who let the case fall, shivering the old thin glass, which destroyed the rigging; leaving only the hulk as a souvenir of the nocturnal visit of the basha of Tangier.

This model may have been of the Santissima Trinidad, one of the largest three-deckers sunk by the English at the battle of Trafalgar. Her masts were washed ashore on the Moorish coast not far from Cape Spartel, were taken possession of by the Moorish authorities and floated down to the mouth of the river Wad el Halk, which enters the bay near the site called Old Tangier,* an arsenal built by the Romans to lay up their galleys. The masts were floated as far as the village of Sharf, and placed across the high banks of the river; parapets of masonry were built on each side to form a bridge for horse and foot passengers.

The bridge was still in use twenty years ago, and I have often crossed it; but one of the masts having given way, it was taken down by order of the sultan, and a Portuguese architect was employed to erect a stone bridge in its place. The

* Fatmeh is dead. He was a spendthrift, and the bags of gold were soon squandered in dissipation.

* There are no remains of houses or other buildings within the solid walls which were erected on the north and west side of this small arsenal. There are two wide gates adjoining each other through which the galleys were hauled up and placed in safety. The gateways are of beautiful solid brick masonry; the north wall is of stone; on the south-eastern side high ground rises from this enclosure. On the top of the hill there are the remains of a rude Campus Æstivus. About a mile up the river are the ruins of a Roman bridge leading to Tangier, the Tingis of the Romans; the chief arch of this interesting monument fell in 1880. The date of the arsenal and bridge is, I believe, the year 1 A.D.

Portuguese had nearly completed the work, when a freshet from the hills levelled it to the water's edge, hardly leaving a vestige of the fabric. The Moors declared the bridge was accursed by Allah, as the sultan had employed an infidel Nazarene instead of a Mohamedan architect. A Moor was then despatched from Fez by the sultan to rebuild the bridge, which he executed in a satisfactory manner on three arches and sluices.

An aged Tangerine, some twenty years ago, told me that he and many other Moors witnessed from the heights of the hills near Cape Spartel* the great battle, and that their hearts were with the English. He said the firing was terrific, with an occasional explosion. Wreckage and many bodies were cast upon the African shore.

Benaboo was the best governor I have known during the forty years I was at Tangier. He ruled with an iron but just hand. Murder, robbery, and even theft became unknown after the first year of his government. He made terrible examples of all criminals.

Cattle-lifting was, and still is, a common practice throughout Morocco. On his first appointment as basha he sent the public crier, on the market-day when the mountaineers and peasantry flocked in to make their purchases, to proclaim that the severest punishment would be inflicted on robbers or other criminals.

He kept his word, for the next market-day two cattle-lifters, caught red-handed, were brought before him. After hearing the evidence, they were severely bastinadoed. Benaboo had caused an iron brand to be prepared with the first letter (*seen*) of the word *sarak*, meaning robber. On the forehead, just above and between the eyebrows, these robbers were marked with the hot brand.

Their property was seized and confiscated, and after issuing a fresh proclamation that any criminal who had been branded, would on a second conviction of crime have his hand or foot amputated, or both, according to circumstances, Benaboo liberated the robbers, and reported his proceedings to the sultan, making known to H.I.M. that he had found on his appointment that murders, robberies, and crime of all kinds prevailed, and that there was no security for life or property outside the walls of Tangier, and he requested the sultan's authority to cut off the hand or foot of any person branded with the

seen, who was again convicted of a murder or robbery with violence.

The sultan approved of his conduct, and complied with the request.

Six months after the branding of the two robbers, one of them was caught, having robbed some cattle and wounded the shepherd in charge.

The delinquent, stripped to the waist, was mounted on the back of a donkey. The animal was led through the principal streets and market-place; two soldiers followed with the bastinado, which is a rope of twisted leather about four feet long. The lash was applied every twenty paces to the back of the prisoner, who was compelled to proclaim his crimes in a loud voice. He was then taken off the donkey in the middle of the market-place, where a fire was lit, and on it an earthen pot stood with boiling pitch.

A butcher, the first the soldiers could lay hands on, was seized, and ordered to sever a right hand and left foot.

The unfortunate butcher remonstrated in vain. The condemned man was laid on the ground, his hands were untied, and the right was taken off at the joint, and the stump plunged into the pot of pitch to stop hemorrhage and prevent gangrene.

The foot was amputated in the same manner. Charitable by-standers carried off the victim to a small house in the town called Mareslan, where paupers seek shelter at night. There he was provided with food and water for some months. He recovered, and could be seen crawling about the streets or sitting at the gate of the town, begging.*

Murder, robbery, and cattle-lifting ceased throughout the Tangier province. Life and property were safe. Thus this cruel and barbarous mutilation of one ruffian saved hundreds of innocent men from murder, and women and helpless Jews from outrage.

On a shooting excursion to a district about eight miles from Tangier, I found in a sheltered spot about forty beehives.†

* Readers may be shocked that such barbarities are practised by the Moors; but they are a thousand years behind the civilized world, and surprise can hardly be felt when we remember that a sentence of mutilation was carried out in England little more than three hundred years ago. Camden's "Annals" for the year 1581 contain an account of the mutilation of one Stubbs, for publishing an attack upon Queen Elizabeth's proposed marriage with the Duke of Alençon. The historian was an eyewitness of the scene, which has been utilized by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," chap. xiii.

† A Moorish beehive is made from the bark of the cork-tree. In the summer months, when the sap rises, a vertical incision about four feet long is made through the cork to the inner bark, and the part to be removed, having been cut above and below, is hammered with a

* About twenty miles from Trafalgar.

There was no village within a mile of the hives, and there was no hut even for a guard. Passing a cowherd attending some oxen, not far from the hives, I enquired to whom they belonged. He said they were the property of the village of Zeenats. I asked whether there was no guard to watch the property, which could easily be carried off at night. Pointing towards Tangier, he exclaimed, "Benaboo."

There was a very beautiful young Mohammedan widow at Tangier, who led a dissolute life. Fatmeh, the basha's son, was a constant visitor at her house. Benaboo had repeatedly warned his son to discontinue his visits. He summoned also the widow; and after censuring her misconduct, he told her that if she again admitted his son into the house he would mar her beauty, which was the cause of his son's disgraceful conduct.

Some weeks afterwards, Benaboo was informed that Fatmeh had again visited the house of the widow. He was arrested and imprisoned, and the widow was brought before the basha.

"You have not," said the basha, "kept your promise to me, or taken heed of my warning. Your beauty has brought disgrace upon my son and myself."

Turning to the guards who attended in the *meshwa*, or hall of judgment, he said, "Bring a barber."

The barber was brought.

"Cut off," said Benaboo, "below the cartilage, the tip of this woman's nose."

The barber, trembling, begged that the operation might not be performed by him. "It shall be as you wish," replied the basha; "but then your nose will be also taken off for disobedience." The barber obeyed, and the tip of the nose of the pretty widow was cut off. "Go," said the basha to her; "you will now be able to lead a better life. May Allah forgive you, as I do, your past sins!"

When Benaboo was a young man, he was a kaid in command of a body of cavalry. He received orders from the sultan to escort with his troopers a foreign envoy to the court at Morocco. During the journey to the capital, the camp had been pitched in the neighborhood of a large village, where a *marabet*, or holy man, dwelt, who was looked up to with great veneration by the villagers.

heavy mallet. The cork is separated from the stem of the tree, and, being elastic, is taken off entire. Two circular pieces of cork are inserted in the orifices at each end and fastened with wooden pegs. The bees close with wax the cracks which may appear. The hive is warm, and keeps out both wet and sun.

This fanatic, having observed the envoy seated in his tent with a light, and the door of the tent open, fetched his long gun, squatted down at about fifty yards, and took a pot shot at the "Nazarene infidel." He missed the envoy, but the ball, passing through the tent, killed a horse of one of the escort on the other side.

Benaboo, hearing a shot, rushed out of his tent, and seeing a strange man making off, had him arrested and brought before the tent of the envoy.

"This assassin," Benaboo said, "who calls himself a marabet, has attempted to take your life, and has thus placed in jeopardy my head, for had he killed you, the sultan would have beheaded me."

Benaboo then drew his sword, and, ordering the guards to bare the marabet's neck and shoulders, he turned to the envoy and said: "My lord the sultan, whose life may Allah prolong, has alone the power of life and death; but I am ordered to protect your life at all hazards through this country as the representative of a great and friendly power; and therefore, to deter others, I am determined to make an example of this villain who has attempted to take your life." Then, raising his sword, he added, "Give the signal, and the head of this assassin shall fall at your feet."

The envoy requested Benaboo to sheathe his sword, saying that he believed the man to be mad. Benaboo, who, no doubt, felt persuaded that the envoy would never give the signal for the execution of the man, put his sword in the scabbard; the man was then bastinadoed and sent off early next morning to the governor of the district, with a request that he should be confined in a dungeon until the sultan's decision was learnt.

Benaboo demanded also that a good horse, with new saddle and bridle, should be sent by the governor at once for the soldier of the escort whose horse had been shot; this was done.

The foreign envoy travelled to the court, and returned under the escort of Benaboo, passing through upwards of seven hundred miles of country inhabited by wild tribes in perfect safety.

The fame of Benaboo went forth far and wide, and the sultan, on the arrival of the mission, promoted Benaboo to the rank of Kaid Erha.*

J. H. DRUMMOND HAY.

* "Erha" means mill. Each kaid in command of a thousand men is provided with a handmill to accompany the troops on expeditions, to grind corn.

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DUKE CARL OF ROSENMOLD.

BY WALTER PATER.

ONE stormy season about the beginning of the present century a great tree came down among certain moss covered ridges of old masonry which break the surface of the Rosenmold heath, exposing, together with its roots, the remains of two persons. Whether the bodies (male and female, said German bone-science) had been purposely buried there was questionable. They seemed rather to have been hidden away by the accident, whatever it was, which had caused death — crushed, perhaps, under what had been the low wall of a garden — being much distorted, and lying, though neatly enough discovered by the upheaval of the soil, in great confusion. People's attention was the more attracted to the incident because popular fancy had long run upon a tradition of buried treasure, golden treasures, in or about the antiquated ruin which the garden boundary inclosed; the roofless shell of a small but solidly built stone house, burnt or overthrown perhaps in the time of the wars at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Many persons went to visit the remains, lying out on the dark wild plateau, which stretches away above the tallest roofs of the old grand-ducal town, very distinctly outlined, on that day, in deep fluid grey against a sky still heavy with coming rain. No treasure, indeed, was forthcoming among the masses of fallen stone. But the tradition was so far verified, that the bones had rich golden ornaments about them; and for the minds of some long-remembering people their discovery set at rest an old doubt. It had never been precisely known what was become of the young Duke Carl, who disappeared from the world just a century before, about the time when a great army passed over these parts, at a political crisis, one issue of which was the final absorption of his small territory in a neighboring dominion. Restless, romantic, eccentric, had he passed on with the victorious host, and taken the chances of an obscure soldier's life? Certain old letters hinted at a different ending — love-letters which provided for a secret meeting, preliminary, perhaps, to the final departure of the young duke (who by the usage of his realm could only with extreme difficulty go whither, or marry whom, he pleased) to whatever worlds he had chosen, not of his own people. The minds of those still interested in the matter were now at last made up:

the disposition of the remains suggesting to them the lively picture of a sullen night, the unexpected passing of the great army, and the two lovers rushing forth wildly, at the sudden tumult outside their cheerful shelter, caught in the dark and trampled out so, surprised and unseen among the horses and heavy guns.

Time, at the court of the grand-duke of Rosenmold, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, might seem to have been standing still almost since the Middle Age — since the days of the emperor Charles the Fifth, at which period, by the marriage of the hereditary grand-duke with a princess of the Imperial house, a sudden tide of wealth flowing through the grand-ducal exchequer had left a kind of golden architectural splendor on the place, always too ample for its population. The sloping Gothic roofs for carrying off the heavy snows still indented the sky — a world of tiles, with space uncurtailed for the awkward gambols of that very German goblin Hans Klapper, on the long, slumberous, northern nights. Whole quarryfuls of wrought stone had been piled along the streets and around the squares, and were now grown, in truth, like nature's self again in their rough, timeworn massiveness, with weeds and wild flowers where their decay accumulated, blossoming, always the same beyond people's memories, every summer as the storks came back to their platforms on the remote chimney-tops. Without, all was as it had been on the eve of the Thirty Years' War; the venerable dark-green mouldiness, priceless pearl of architectural effect, was unbroken by a single new gable. And within, human life — its thoughts, its habits, above all, its etiquette — had been put out by no matter of excitement, political or intellectual, ever at all, one might say, at any time. The rambling grand-ducal palace was full to overflowing with furniture, which, useful or useless, was all ornamental and none of it new. Suppose the various objects, especially the contents of the haunted old lumber-rooms, duly arranged and ticketed, and their Highnesses would have had a historic museum, after which those famed Green Vaults at Dresden would hardly have counted as one of the glories of Augustus the Strong. An immense heraldry, that truly German vanity, had grown, expatiating, florid, eloquent, over everything without and within; windows, house-fronts, church-walls, and church-floors. And one-half of the male inhabitants were big or little State functionaries, mostly of a *quasi* decorative

order — the treble singer to the town council, the court organist, the court poet, and the like — each with his deputies and assistants; maintaining all unbroken a sleepy ceremonial, to make the hours just noticeable as they slipped away. At court, with a continuous round of ceremonies which, though early in the day, must always take place under a jealous exclusion of the sun, one seemed to live in perpetual candle-light.

It was in a delightful rummaging of one of those lumber-rooms, escaped from that candle-light into the broad day of the uppermost windows, that the young Duke Carl laid his hand on an old volume of the year 1486, printed in heavy type, with frontispiece, perhaps by Albert Dürer — "*Ars Versificandi*: The Art of Versification," by Conrad Celtes. Crowned poet of the emperor Frederick the Third, he had the right to speak on that subject; for while he vindicated as best he might old German literature against the charge of barbarism, he did also a man's part towards reviving in the Fatherland the knowledge of the poetry of Greece and Rome; and for Carl, the pearl, the golden nugget, of the volume was the Sapphic ode with which it closed — "To Apollo praying that he would come to us from Italy, bringing his lyre with him: *Ad Apollinem, ut ab Italis cum lyra ad Germanos veniat*." The god of light, coming to Germany from some more favored world beyond it, over leagues of rainy hill and mountain, making soft day there, — that had ever been the dream of the ghost-ridden, yet deep-feeling and certainly meek German soul; of the great Dürer, for instance, who had been the friend of this Conrad Celtes, and himself, all German as he was, like a gleam of real day amid that hyperborean German darkness, — a darkness which clave to him too at that dim time when there were violent robbers, nay! real live devils, in every German wood. And it was precisely the aspiration of Carl himself. Those verses, coming to the boy's hand at the right moment, brought a spark of intellectual light to a whole magazine of observation, fancy, desire, stored up from the first impressions of childhood. To bring Apollo with his lyre to Germany! — it was precisely what he, Carl, desired to do; was, as he might flatter himself, actually doing.

The daylight, the Apolline aurora which the young Duke Carl claimed to be bringing to his candle-lit people, came in the somewhat questionable form of the contemporary French ideal in matters of

art and literature — French plays, French architecture, French looking-glasses; Apollo in the dandified costume of Lewis the Fourteenth. Only, confronting the essentially aged and decrepit graces of his model with his own essentially youthful temper, he invigorated what he borrowed; and with him an aspiration towards the classical ideal, so often hollow and insincere, lost all its affectation. His doting grandfather, the reigning grand-duke, afforded readily enough, from the great store of inherited wealth which would one day be the lad's, the funds necessary for the completion of the vast, unfinished residence, with "pavilions" (after the manner of the famous Mansard) uniting its scattered parts; while a wonderful flowerage of architectural fancy, with broken attic roofs, passed over and beyond the earlier fabric; the later and lighter forms being, in part, carved adroitly out of the heavy masses of the old, honest "stump Gothic" tracery. One fault only Carl found in his French models, and was resolute to correct. He would have, at least within, real marble in place of stucco, and, if he might, perhaps solid gold for gilding. There was something in the sanguine, floridly handsome youth, with his alertness of mind turned wholly, amid the vexing pre-occupations of an age of war, upon embellishment and the softer things of life, which soothed the testy humors of the old duke, like the quiet physical warmth of a fire, or the sun. He was ready to preside with all ceremony at a presentation of Marivaux's "Death of Hannibal," played in the original, with such imperfect mastery of the French accent as the lovers of new light in Rosenmold had at command, in a theatre copied from that at Versailles, lined with pale yellow satin, and with a picture, amid the stucco braveries of the ceiling, of the septentrional Apollo himself in somewhat watery red and blue. Innumerable wax-lights in cut-glass lustres were a thing of course. Duke Carl himself, attired after the newest French fashion, played the part of Hannibal. The old duke, indeed, at a council-board devoted hitherto to matters of State would nod very early in certain long discussions on matters of art; magnificent schemes from this or that eminent contractor for spending his money tastefully, distinguishings of the *rococo* and the *baroque*. On the other hand, having been all his life in close intercourse with select humanity, self-conscious and arrayed for presentation, he was a helpful judge of portraits, and the various degrees of the attainment

of truth therein; a phase of fine art which the grandson could not value too much. The sergeant-painter, and the deputy sergeant-painter, were indeed conventional performers enough; as mechanical in their dispensation of wigs, finger-rings, ruffles, simpers, as the figure of the armed knight who struck the bell in the residence tower. But scattered through its half-deserted rooms, state bed-chambers and the like, hung the works of more genuine masters, still as unadulterate as the hock, known to be two generations old, in the grand-ducal cellar. The youth had even his scheme of inviting the illustrious Antony Coppel to the court, to live there, if he would, with the honors and emoluments of a prince of the blood. The illustrious Mansard had actually promised to come, had not his sudden death taken him away from earthly glory.

And at least, if one must forego the masters, masterpieces might be had for their price. For ten thousand marks — day ever to be remembered! — a genuine work of "the Urbinate," from the cabinet of a certain commercially minded Italian grand-duke, was on its way to Rosenmold; anxiously awaited, as it came over rainy mountain-passes and along the rough German roads through doubtful weather. The tribune, the throne itself, were made ready in the presence-chamber, with hangings in the grand-ducal colors laced with gold, together with a speech and an ode. Late at night, at last, the wagon was heard rumbling into the courtyard; with the guest, arrived in safety, but if one must confess one's self, perhaps forbidding at first sight. From a comfortless portico with all the grotesqueness of the Middle Age, supported by brown, aged bishops, whose meditations no incident could distract, Our Lady looked out no better than an unpretending nun, with nothing to say the like of which one was used to hear. Certainly one was not stimulated by, enwrapped, absorbed in the great master's doings; only, with much private disappointment, put on one's mettle to defend him against critics notoriously wanting in sensibility, and against one's self. In truth, the painter whom Carl most unaffectedly enjoyed, the real vigor of his youthful and somewhat animal taste finding here its proper sustenance, was Rubens — Rubens reached, as he is reached at his best, in well-preserved family portraits, fresh, gay, ingenuous, as of privileged young people who could never grow old. Had not he too brought something of the splendor of a better land

into those northern regions; if not the glowing gold of Titian's Italian sun, yet the carnation and yellow of roses or tulips, such as might really grow there with cultivation even under rainy skies? And then, about this time something was heard at the grand-ducal court of certain mysterious experiments in the making of porcelain, veritable alchemy for the turning of clay into gold. The reign of Dresden china was at hand, with one's own world of little men, and women more delightfully diminutive still, amid imitations of artificial flowers. The young duke braced himself for a plot to steal the gifted Herr Böttcher from his enforced residence, as if in prison, at the fortress of Meissen. Why not bring pots and wheels to Rosenmold, and prosecute his discoveries there? The grand-duke, indeed, preferred his old service of gold plate, and would have had the lad a *virtuoso* in nothing less costly than gold — gold snuff-boxes!

For in truth, regarding what belongs to art or culture, as elsewhere, we may have a large appetite and little to feed on. Only, in the things of the mind the appetite itself counts for so much; at least in hopeful, unobstructed youth with the world before it. "You are the Apollo you tell us of, the northern Apollo," people were beginning to say to him, surprised from time to time by a mental purpose beyond their guesses — expressions, liftings, softly gleaming or vehement lights, in the handsome countenance of the youth, and his effective speech, as he roamed, inviting all about him to share the honey, from music to painting, from painting to the drama, all alike florid in style. Yes! and perhaps third-rate. And so far, consistently throughout, he had held that the centre of one's intellectual system must be understood to be in France. He had thoughts of proceeding to that country secretly, in person there to attain the very impress of its genius.

Meantime its more portable flowers came to order in abundance. That the roses, so to put it, were but excellent artificial flowers, redolent only of musk, neither disproved for Carl the validity of his ideal, nor to our minds the vocation of Carl himself in these matters. In art, as in all other things of the mind again, much depends on the receiver; and the higher informing capacity, if it exist within, will mould an unpromising matter to itself — will realize itself by selection, and the preference of the better in what is bad or indifferent, asserting its prerogative under

the most unlikely conditions. People had in Carl, could they have understood it, the spectacle, under those superficial braveries, of a really heroic effort of mind at a disadvantage. That *rococo*, seventeenth-century, French imitation of the true Renaissance called out in Carl a boundless enthusiasm; as the Italian original had done nearly two centuries before. He put into his reception of the æsthetic achievements of Lewis the Fourteenth what young France had felt when Francis the First brought home the great Da Vinci and his works. It was but himself truly, after all, that he had found, so fresh and real among those artificial roses.

He was thrown the more upon such outward and sensuous products of mind — architecture, pottery, presently on music — because for him, with so large intellectual capacity, there was, to speak properly, no literature in his mother tongue. Books there were, German books; but of a dullness, a distance from the actual interests of the warm, various, colored life around and within him, to us hardly conceivable. There was more entertainment in the natural train of his own solitary thoughts, humored and rightly attuned by pleasant visible objects, than in all the books he had hunted through so carefully for that all-searching intellectual light, of which a passing gleam of interest gave fallacious promise here or there. And still generously he held to the belief urging him to fresh endeavor, that the literature which might set heart and mind free must exist somewhere, though court librarians could not say where. In search for it he spent many days in those old book-closets where he had lighted on the Latin ode of Conrad Celtes. Was German literature always to remain no more than a kind of penal apparatus for the teasing of the brain? Oh for a literature set free, conterminous with the interests of life itself!

In music, it might be thought, Germany had already vindicated its spiritual liberty. One and another of those north-German towns was already aware of the youthful Sebastian Bach. The first notes had been heard of a music not borrowed from France; but flowing, as naturally as springs from their sources, out of the ever-musical soul of Germany itself. And the duke Carl was a sincere lover of music, himself playing melodiously on the violin to a delighted court. That new Germany of the spirit would be builded perhaps to the sound of music. In those other artistic enthusiasms, as the prophet of the

French drama or of the architectural taste of Lewis the Fourteenth, he had contributed himself generously; helping out with his own good faith the inadequacy of their appeal. Music alone hitherto had really helped him, and taken him out of himself. To music instinctively more and more he devoted himself; and in his desire to refine and organize the court music, from which, by leave of absence to official performers enjoying their salaries at a distance, many parts had literally fallen away, like the favorite notes of a worn-out spinet, he was ably seconded by a devoted youth, the deputy organist of the grand-ducal chapel. A member of the Roman Church amid a people chiefly of the Reformed religion, Duke Carl would creep sometimes into the curtained court pew of the Lutheran church to which he had presented its massive golden crucifix, to listen to the *chorales*, the execution of which he had managed to tune to his liking; relishing, he could hardly explain why, those passages of a pleasantly monotonous and unending melody, as it might seem, which certainly never came to what could rightly be called an ending here on earth; and having also a sympathy with the cheerful genius of Dr. Martin Luther, with his good tunes, and that ringing laughter, which sent dull goblins flitting.

At this time, then, his mind ran eagerly for a while on the project of some musical and dramatic development of a fancy suggested by that old Latin poem of Conrad Celtes: the hyperborean Apollo, sojourning in the revolutions of time, in the sluggish north for a season, yet Apollo still; prompting art, music, poetry, and the philosophy which interprets man's life; making a sort of intercalary day amid the natural darkness, — not meridian day, of course, but a soft derivative daylight, good enough for us. It would be necessarily a mystic piece, abounding in fine touches, suggestions, innuendoes. His vague proposal was met half-way by the very practical executant power of his friend, or servant, the deputy organist, already pondering, with just a satiric flavor (suppressible in actual performance, if the time for that should ever come) a musical work on Duke Carl himself — "Balder, an Interlude." He was contented to recast and enlarge the part of the northern god of light, with a now wholly serious intention. But still, the near, the real and familiar, gave precision to, or actually superseded, the distant and the idéal. The soul of the music was but a transfusion from the fantastic, but so

interesting creature close at hand. And Carl was certainly true to his proposed part, in that he gladdened others by an intellectual radiance which had ceased to mean warmth or animation for himself. For him, the light was still to seek, in France, in Italy; above all, in old Greece, amid the precious things which might yet be lurking there unknown, in art, in poetry, perhaps in very life, till Prince Fortunate should come.

Yes! it was thither, to Greece, that his thoughts were turned during those romantic, classical musings while the opera was made ready. That, in due time, was presented with sufficient success. Meantime, his purpose was grown definite to visit that original country of the Muses, from which the pleasant things of Italy had been but derivative; to brave the difficulties in the way of leaving home at all; the difficulties, also, of access to Greece, in the present condition of the country.

At times the fancy came that he must really belong by descent to a southern race; that a physical cause might lie beneath this strange restlessness, like the imperfect reminiscence of something that had passed in earlier life. The aged ministers of heraldry were set to work (actually prolonging their days by an unexpected revival of interest in their too well-worn function) on the search for some obscure rivulet of Greek descent, later Byzantine Greek perhaps, in the Rosenmold genealogy. No! with a hundred quarterings, they were as indigenous, incorruptible heraldry reasserted, as the old yew-trees a-squat on the heath.

And, meantime, those dreams of distant and probably adventurous travel lent the youth, still so healthy of body, a wing for more distant expeditions than he had ever yet inclined to, among his own wholesome German woodlands. In long rambles, afoot or on horseback, by day and night, he flung himself, for the resettling of his sanity, on the cheerful influences of their simple imagery — the hawks, as if asleep on the air below him; the bleached crags, evoked by late sunset among the dark oaks; the water-wheels, with their pleasant murmur in the foldings of the hillside.

Clouds came across his heaven; little sudden clouds, like those which in this northern latitude, where summer is at best but a flighty guest, chill out the heart, though but for a few minutes at a time, of the warmest afternoon. He had fits of the gloom of other people; their dull passage through, and exit from, the world; the threadbare incidents of their lives; their

dismal funerals; which, unless he drove them away immediately by strenuous exercise, settled into a gloom more properly his own.

Yet, at such times, outward things also would seem to concur unkindly in deepening the mental shadow about him, almost as if there were indeed animation in the natural world; elfin spirits, in those inaccessible hillsides and dark ruins, as old German poetry pretended, assistant cheerfully sometimes, but for the most part troublesome to their human kindred. Of late these fits had come somewhat more frequently, and had continued. Often it was a weary, deflowered face that his favorite mirrors reflected. Yes! people were prosaic, and their lives threadbare — all but himself, and organist Max perhaps, and Fritz the treble singer. In return, the people in actual contact with him thought him a little mad, though still ready to flatter his madnes, as he could detect. Alone with the dotting old grandfather, in their stiff, distant, alien world of etiquette, he felt surrounded by flatteries, and would fain have tested the sincerity even of Max and Fritz, who said, echoing the words of the other, "Yourself, sire, are the Apollo of Germany!"

It was the desire to test the sincerity of the people about him and unveil flatterers, which, in the first instance, suggested a trick he played upon the court, upon all Europe. In that complex, but wholly Teutonic genealogy lately under research, lay a much prized thread of descent from the fifth emperor Charles; and Carl, under direction, read, with much readiness to be impressed, all that was attainable concerning the great ancestor, finding there, in truth, little enough to reward his pains. One hint he took, however. He determined to assist at his own obsequies.

That he might in this way facilitate that much desired journey occurred to him almost at once as an accessory motive; and in a little while definite motives were engrossed in the dramatic interest, the pleasing gloom, the curiosity of the thing itself. Certainly, amid the living world here in Germany, especially in old, sleepy Rosenmold, death made great parade of itself. Youth even, in its sentimental mood, was ready to indulge in the luxury of decay, and amuse itself with fancies of the tomb; as, in periods of decadence or suspended progress, when the world seems to nap for a time, artifices for the arrest or disguise of old age are adopted as a fashion, and become the fopperies of the young. The whole body of Carl's rela-

tions, saving the drowsy old grandfather, already lay buried beneath their expansive heraldries. At times the whole world almost seemed buried thus — made and remade of the dead — its entire fabric of politics, of art, of custom, being essentially heraldic "achievements," dead men's mementoes, such as those. You see, he was a sceptical young man; and his kinsmen, dead and gone, had passed, certainly in his imaginations of them, into no other world, save perhaps into some stiffer, slower, sleepier, and more pompous phase of ceremony — the last degree of court etiquette; as they lay there, in the great, low-pitched, grand-ducal vault, in their coffins, dusted once a year for All Souls' Day when the court officials descended thither, and mass for the dead was sung amid an array of dropping crape and cobwebs. The lad, with his full red lips and open blue eyes, coming as with a great cup in his hands to life's feast, revolted from the like of that, as from suffocation. And still, the suggestion of it was everywhere. In the garish afternoon, up to the wholesome heights of the Heiligenberg, suddenly from one of the villages of the plain came the grinding death-knell. It seemed to come out of the ugly grave itself, and enjoyment was dead. On his way homeward sadly an hour later he enters by chance the open door of a village church, half buried in the tangle of its churchyard. The rude coffin is lying there of a laborer who had but a hovel to live in. The enemy dogged one's footsteps! The young Carl seemed to be flying not from death simply, but from assassination.

And as these thoughts sent him back, in the rebounding power of youth, with renewed appetite to life and sense; so, grown at last familiar, they gave additional purpose to his fantastic experiment. Had it not been said by a wise man, that, after all, the offence of death was in its trappings? Well! he would, as far as might be, try the thing, while, presumably, a large reversionary interest in life was still his. He would purchase his freedom, at least of those gloomy trappings; and listen while he was spoken of as dead.

The mere preparations gave pleasant proof of the devotion to him of a certain number, who entered without question into his plans. It is not difficult to mislead the world concerning what happens to those who live at the artificial distance from it of a court, with its high wall of etiquette. However the matter was managed, no one doubted when with a blazon of ceremonious words the court news went

forth that, after a brief illness, according to the way of his race, the hereditary grand-duke was deceased. In momentary regret, bethinking them of the lad's taste for splendor, those to whom the arrangement of such matters belonged (the grandfather now sinking deeper into bare quiescence), backed by the popular wish, determined to give him a funeral with even more than grand-ducal measure of lugubrious magnificence. The place of his repose was marked out for him, as officiously as if it had been the delimitation of a kingdom, in the ducal burial vault, through the cobwebbed windows of which, from the garden where he played as a child, the young duke had often peered at the faded glories of the immense coroneted coffins; the oldest shedding their velvet tatters around them. Surrounded by the whole official world of Rosenmold, arrayed for the occasion in almost forgotten dresses of ceremony as if for a masquerade, the new coffin glided from the fragrant chapel, where the *requiem* was sung, down the broad staircase lined with peach color and yellow marble, into the shadows below. Carl himself, disguised as a strolling musician, had followed it across the square through a drenching rain, on which circumstance he overheard the old people congratulate the blessed dead within; had listened to a dirge of his own composing brought out on the great organ with much *bravura* by his friend, the new court organist, who was in the secret; and that night turned the key of the garden entrance to the vault, and peeped in upon the sleepy, painted, and bewigged young pages, whose duty it would be for a certain number of days to come to watch beside their late master's couch.

And a certain number of weeks afterwards it was known that "the mad duke" had reappeared, to the dismay of court-marshals. Things might have gone hard with the youth had the strange news, at first as fantastic rumor, then as matter of solemn inquiry, lastly as ascertained fact pleasing or otherwise, been less welcome than it was to the grandfather — too old indeed to sorrow deeply, but grown so decrepit as to propose that ministers should possess themselves of the person of the young duke, proclaim him of age and regent. From those dim travels, presenting themselves to the old man who had never been fifty miles away from home as almost lunar in their audacity, he would come back — come back "in time" — he murmured faintly, eager to feel that youthful,

animating life on the stir about him once more.

Carl himself, now the thing was over, greatly relishing its satiric elements, must be forgiven the trick of the burial, and his still greater enormity in coming to life again. And then, duke or no duke, it was understood that he willed that things should in no case be precisely as they had been. He would never again be quite so near people's lives as in the past — a fitful, intermittent visitor — almost as if he had been properly dead; the empty coffin remaining as a kind of symbolical "coronation incident," setting forth his future relations to his subjects. Of all those who believed him dead one human creature only, save the grandfather, had sincerely sorrowed for him — a woman, in tears as the funeral train passed by, with whom he had sympathetically discussed his own merits. Till then, he had forgotten the incident which exhibited him to her as the very genius of goodness and strength; how one day, driving with her country produce into the market and embarrassed by the crowd, she had broken one of a hundred little police rules, whereupon the officers were about to carry her away to be fined or worse, amid the jeers of the bystanders, always ready to deal harshly with "the gipsy," at which precise moment the tall Duke Carl, like the flash of a trusty sword, had leapt from the palace stair and caused her to pass on in peace. She had half detected him through his disguise; in due time news of his reappearance had been ceremoniously carried to her in her little cottage; and the remembrance of her hung about him not ungratefully, as he went with delight upon his way.

The first long stage of his journey over in headlong flight night and day, he found himself one summer morning, under the heat of what seemed a southern sun, at last really at large on the Bergstrasse; with the rich plain of the Palatinate on his left hand; and on the right, vineyards, seen now for the first time, sloping up into the crisp beeches of the Odenwald. By Weinheim only an empty tower remained of the castle of Windeck. He lay for the night in the great whitewashed guest-chamber of the Capuchin convent.

The national rivers, like the national woods, have a family likeness — the Main, the Lahn, the Moselle, the Neckar, the Rhine. By help of such accommodation as chance afforded, partly on the stream itself, partly along the banks, he pursued the leisurely winding course of one of the

prettiest of these; tarrying for a while in the towns, grey, white, or red, which came in his way; tasting their delightful native "little" wines, peeping into their old, overloaded churches, inspecting the church furniture, or trying the organs. For three nights he slept, warm and dry, on the hay stored in a deserted cloister; and, attracted into the neighboring minister for a snatch of church music, narrowly escaped detection. By miraculous chance the grimest lord of Rosenmold was there within, recognized the youth and his companions — visitors naturally conspicuous amid the crowd of peasants around them — and for some hours was upon their traces. After unclean streets, the country air was a perfume by contrast, or actually scented with pine woods. One seemed to breathe with it fancies of the woods, the hills, and water — of a sort of souls in the landscape, but cheerful and genial now — happy souls. A distant group of pines on the verge of a great upland awoke a violent desire to be there; seemed to challenge one to proceed thither. Was there infinite view thence? It was like an outpost of some far-off fancy land, a pledge of the reality of such. Above Cassel the airy hills curved in one black outline against a glowing sky; pregnant, one could fancy, with weird forms, which might be at their old *diableries* again among the ruins in those remote places ere night was quite come there. At last, in the streets, the hundred churches of Cologne, he feels something of a Gothic enthusiasm, and all a German's enthusiasm for the Rhine.

Through the length and breadth of the Rhine country the vintage was begun. The red ruins on the heights, the white-walled villages, white Saint Nepomuc upon the bridges, were but isolated higher notes of contrast in a landscape sleepy and indistinct under the flood of sunshine, with a headiness in it like that of must, of the new wine. The noise of the vineyards came through the lovely haze; still, at times, with the sharp sound of a bell — death-bell perhaps, or only a crazy summons to the vintagers. And amid those broad, willowy reaches of the Rhine, at last, from Bingen to Mannheim, where the brown hills wander into airy blue distance, like a little picture of Paradise, he felt that France was at hand. Before him lay the road thither, easy and straight — that well of light so close! But, unexpectedly, the capricious incidence of his own humor and the opportunity did not suggest, as he would have wagered it must, "Go, drink

at once!" Was it that France had come to be of no account at all, in comparison of Italy, of Greece? or that, as he passed over the German land, the conviction had come, "For you, Italy, France, Hellas itself, is here!"—that the thought of the untried spiritual possibilities of meek Germany had for Carl transferred the ideal land out of space, beyond the Alps or the Rhine, into future time, whither he must be the leader? A little chilly of humor, in spite of his manly strength, he was journeying partly in search of physical heat. To-day, certainly, in this great vineyard physical heat was about him in measure sufficient, at least for a German constitution. Might it be not otherwise with the imaginative, the intellectual heat and light? the real need being that of an interpreter—Apollo, illuminant, rather as the revealer, than as the bringer, of light. With large belief that the *déclarcissement*, the *Aufklärung* (he had already found the name for the thing), would indeed come, he had been in much bewilderment whence and how. Here, he began to see that it could be in no other way than by action of informing thought upon the vast accumulated material of which Germany was in possession; art, poetry, fiction, an entire imaginative world, following reasonably upon a deeper understanding of the past, of nature, of one's self—an understanding of all beside through the knowledge of one's self. To understand, would be the indispensable first step towards the enlargement of the great past, of one's little present, by criticism, by imagination. Then the imprisoned souls of nature would speak as of old. The Middle Age, in Germany, where the past has had such generous reprisals, never far from us, would reassert its mystic spell for the better understanding of our Raffaele. The spirits of distant Hellas would reawake in the men and women of little German towns. Distant times, the most alien thoughts, would come near together, as elements in a great historic symphony. A kind of ardent, new patriotism awoke in him; sensitive, for the first time, at the words national poesy, national art and literature, German philosophy. To the resources of the past, of himself, of what was possible for German mind, more and more his mind opens as he goes on his way. A free, open space had been determined, which something, now to be created by him, must occupy. "Only," he thought, "if I had coadjutors!—if these thoughts would awake in but one other mind!"

At Strasburg, with its mountainous, goblin houses, nine stories high, grouped snugly, in the midst of that inclement plain, like a great stork's nest around the romantic red steeple of its cathedral, Duke Carl became fairly captive to the Middle Age. Tarrying there week after week he worked hard, but (without a ray of light from others) in one long mistake, at the chronology and history of the colored windows. Antiquity's very self seemed expressed there, on the visionary image of king or patriarch, in the deeply incised marks of character, the hoary hair, the massive proportions, telling of a length of years beyond what is lived now. Surely! past ages, could one get at the historic soul of them, were not dead but living; rich in company for the entertainment, the expansion of the present; and Duke Carl was still without suspicion of the cynic afterthought that such historic soul was but an arbitrary substitution, a generous loan of one's self.

The mystic soul of nature laid hold on him next, saying, "Come! understand—interpret—me!" He was awakened one morning by the jingle of sledge-bells along the street beneath his windows. Winter had descended betimes from the mountains. The pale Rhine below the bridge of boats on the long way to Kehl was swollen with ice, and for the first time he realized that Switzerland was at hand. On a sudden he was captive to the enthusiasm of the mountains, and hastened along the valley of the Rhine, by Alt Breisach and Basel, upwards, unrepelled by a thousand difficulties, to Swiss farmhouses and lonely villages, solemn still and untouched by strangers. At Grindelwald, sleeping at last in the close neighborhood of the greater Alps, he had the sense of an overbrooding presence; of some strange new companions around him. Here one might yield one's self to the unalterable imaginative appeal of the elements in their highest force and simplicity—light, air, water, earth. On very early spring days the mantle was suddenly lifted; the Alps were an apex of natural glory, towards which, in broadening spaces of light, the whole of Europe sloped upwards. Through them, on the right hand as he journeyed on, were the doorways to Italy, to Como, or Verona; from yonder peak Italy's self was visible, as, on the left hand, in the south-German towns, in a heightened artistic fineness, in the dainty flowered iron-work for instance, the overflow of Italian genius was traceable. These things presented themselves, at last, only

to remind him that, in a new intellectual hope, he was already on his way home. Straight through life, straight through nature and man, with one's own self-knowledge as a light thereon, not by way of the geographical Italy or Greece, lay the road to the new Hellas; to be realized now as the outcome of home-born German genius. At times, in that early fine weather, looking now not southwards but to Germany, he seemed to trace the outspread of a faint, not wholly natural, aurora over the dark northern regions. And it was in an actual sunrise that the news came which finally put him on the directest road homewards. One hardly dared breathe in the rapid uprise of all-embracing light, which seemed like the intellectual rising of the Fatherland, when up the straggling path to his high, beech-grown summit (was one safe nowhere?), protesting over the roughness of the way, came the too familiar voices (*ennui* itself made audible) of certain high functionaries of Rosenmold, come to claim their new sovereign, close upon the runaway.

With news of the old duke's decease! A real grief at his heart, he hastened now over the ground which lay between him and the bed of death, still trying, at quieter intervals, to snatch profit by the way—peeping at the most unlikely hours on the objects of his curiosity, waiting for a glimpse of dawn through glowing church windows, penetrating into old church treasuries by candle-light, taxing the old courtiers to pant up for the view to this or that conspicuous point in the world of hilly woodland. From one such at last, in spite of everything with pleasure to Carl, old Rosenmold was visible—the attic windows of the residence, the storks on the chimneys, the green copper roofs baking in the long, dry, German summer—the homeliness of true old Germany! He too felt it, and yearned towards his home.

And the "beggar maid" was there. Thoughts of her had haunted his mind all the journey through, as he was aware, not unpleased, graciously overflowing towards any creature he found dependent upon him. The mere fact that she was awaiting him—at his disposition—meekly, and as though through his long absence she had never quitted the spot on which he had said farewell, touched his fancy, and on a sudden concentrated his wavering preference into a practical decision. King Cophetua would be hers. And his good-will sunned her wild-grown beauty into majesty, into a kind of queenly rich-

ness. There was natural majesty in the heavy waves of golden hair folded closely above the neck, built a little massively; and she looked kind—beseeching also, capable of sorrow. She was like clear, sunny weather, with blue-bells and the green leaves, between rainy days, and seemed to embody *die Ruh auf dem Gipfel*—all the restful hours he had spent of late in the wood-sides and on the hilltops. One June day, on which she seemed to have withdrawn into herself all the tokens of summer, brought decision to our lover of artificial roses, who had cared so little hitherto for the like of her. Grand-duke perforce, he would make her his wife, and had already reassured her with caricature of his horrified ministers. "Go straight to life!" said his new poetic code; and here was the opportunity. Here also the real adventure. In comparison of which his previous efforts that way seemed childish theatricalities, fit only to cheat a little the profound *ennui* of real life. In a hundred stolen interviews she taught the hitherto indifferent youth the art of love.

Duke Carl has made arrangements for his marriage, secret but complete, and soon to be made public. Long since he had cast complacent eyes on a strange architectural relic, an old grange or hunting-lodge on the heath, with he could hardly have defined what charm of remoteness and old romance. Popular belief amused itself with reports of the wizard who inhabited or haunted the place, his fantastic treasures, his immense age. His window-lights might be seen glittering afar on stormy nights; amid a blaze of golden ornaments, said the more adventurous loiterer. It was not because he was suspicious still, but in a kind of wantonness of affection, and as if by way of giving yet greater zest to the luxury of their mutual trust, that Duke Carl added to his announcement of the purposed place and time of the event, a pretended test of the girl's devotion. He tells her the story of the aged wizard, meagre and worn, to whom she must find her way alone for the purpose of asking a question all-important to himself. The fierce old man will try to escape with terrible threats; will turn, or half turn, into repulsive animals. She must cling the faster; at last the spell will be broken; he will yield; he will become a youth once more, and give the desired answer.

The girl, otherwise so self-denying and still modestly anxious for a private union, not to shame his high position in the world, had wished for one thing at least—

to be loved amid the splendors habitual to him. Duke Carl sends to the old lodge his choicest personal possessions. For many days the public is aware of something on hand; a few get delightful glimpses of the treasures on their way to the place on the heath. Was he preparing against contingencies, should the great army, soon to pass through these parts, not leave the country as innocently as might be desired?

The short grey day seemed a long one to those who, for various reasons, were waiting anxiously for the darkness; the court people fretful and on their mettle; the townsfolk suspicious; Duke Carl full of amorous longing. At her distant cottage beyond the hills Gretchen kept herself ready for the trial. It was expected that certain great military officers would arrive that night, commanders of a victorious host making its way across northern Germany with no great respect for the rights of neutral territory, often dealing with life and property too rudely to find the coveted treasure. It was but one episode in a cruel war. Duke Carl did not wait for the grand illuminated supper prepared for their reception. Events precipitated themselves. Those officers came as practically victorious occupants, sheltering themselves for the night in the luxurious rooms of the great palace. The army was in fact in motion close behind its leaders, who (Gretchen warm and happy in the arms, not of the aged wizard, but of the youthful lover) are discussing terms for the final absorption of the duchy with those traitorous old counsellors. At their delicate supper Duke Carl amuses his companion with caricature, amid cries of cheerful laughter, of the sleepy courtiers entertaining their martial guests in all their pedantic politeness, like people in some farcical dream. A priest, and certain chosen friends to witness the marriage, were to come ere nightfall to the grange. The lovers heard, as they thought, noise of distant thunder. The hours passed as they waited; and what came at last was not the priest with his companions. Could they have been detained by the storm? Duke Carl gently reassures the girl; bids her believe in him, and wait. But through the wind grown to tempest, beyond the sound of the violent thunder—louder than any possible thunder—nearer and nearer comes the storm of the victorious army, like some disturbance of the earth itself, as they flee into the tumult, out of the intolerable confinement and suspense, dead-set upon them.

The enlightening, the *Aufklärung*, according to the aspiration of Duke Carl, was effected by other hands; Lessing and Herder, brilliant precursors of the age of genius which centred in Goethe, coming well within the natural limits of Carl's lifetime. As precursors Goethe gratefully recognized them, and understood that there had been a thousand others looking forward to a new era in German literature with the desire which is in some sort a forecast of capacity, awaking each other to the permanent reality of a poetic ideal in human life, slowly forming that public consciousness to which Goethe actually addressed himself. It is their aspirations I have tried to embody in the portrait of Carl.

A hard winter covered the Main with a firm footing of ice. The liveliest social intercourse was quickened thereon. I was unailing from early morning onwards; and being lightly clad found myself, when my mother drove up later to look on, fairly frozen. My mother sat in the carriage, quite stately in her furred cloak of red velvet, fastened on the breast with thick gold cord and tassels. "Dear mother!" I said, on the spur of the moment, "give me your furs. I am frozen." She was equally ready. In a moment I had on the cloak. Falling below the knee, with its rich trimming of sables, and enriched with gold, it became me excellently. So glad I made my way up and down with a cheerful heart.

That was Goethe, perhaps fifty years later. In that amiable figure I seem to see the fulfilment of the *Resurgam* on Carl's empty coffin—the aspiring soul of Carl himself, in freedom and effective at last.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF KAISER WILHELM.

In the summer of 1880 I happened to find myself in the lovely little town of Gastein in Austria. Only courtsey, and the fact that there existed a portly, red-faced dignitary claiming the title of mayor, could excuse the irregular, untidy, beautiful little spot being called a town; for a few straggling houses of the very plainest kind, one large edifice called the Baderschloss, and a tolerably comfortable hotel opposite, with the old Roman Catholic church on one side of a turbulent stream, and a new German Protestant chapel on the other, were the only buildings in the place. A great roaring waterfall, tumbling and splashing into this same stream, divided the quaint little settlement into two distinct halves, and high hills rising on

either side shut in the smiling valley, green with luxuriant verdure, and gay with a multitude of bright-colored wild flowers.

No railroad came within miles of the place, and to reach it one was obliged to drive in rumbling diligences, or queer conveyances which were neither cart nor carriage, drawn by horses harnessed on one side of a pole, in a curious fashion peculiar to Austria.

To this out-of-the-way valley, hidden among the hills, Kaiser Wilhelm was to come for his annual visit to the baths, and the excitement among the inhabitants increased as the day of his arrival drew near. Triumphal arches were erected along the route by which he must come, and the word *Wilkommen* awaited him on every side. The occupants of the Baderschloss were turned out bodily to make room for the imperial suite; and fastidious travellers were, perforce, obliged to content themselves with very modest quarters in buildings calling themselves inns, but being in fact hardly much more than houses of well-to-do peasants. Together with some friends I had rooms at one of these extremely primitive establishments, and our landlord informed us, with no little pride, that the *Hof-Prediger*, who was to be sent from Berlin to conduct the Church services during the emperor's stay at Gastein, would also reside under his roof. In pretty German fashion a *Wilkommen* was prepared for the divine, as well as for the Kaiser; and flowers were arranged in his room, some of them forming the friendly word of greeting upon a broad band of green across the door.

I was out at the actual moment of the *Herr Prediger's* arrival; but the following day, when writing by my open window, I noticed a man of venerable and dignified appearance, with long white hair, walking in the garden, and concluded he must be the *pasteur* appointed to minister to the spiritual needs of the emperor. A little later I laid aside my pen, and opening the ancient instrument which did duty for a piano, began singing some favorite bits of Schubert. Scarcely had I finished a verse, when the door of my sitting-room was flung open, and, unannounced, the man whose calm and dignified appearance I had just made a mental note of, stood before me in a state of visible agitation.

"You sing! and in German! *Mein Gott*, I am saved!"

I certainly thought him lost, so far as mind and manners were concerned; but truth, like murder, seems to come out sooner or later; and in rapid German,

which taxed my attention to the utmost, the good man explained the situation. In all Gastein it seemed there were no voices to be found equal to the task of singing in the Sunday services — and in singing, I may remark *en passant*, exists almost the entire German form of worship. Besides, his Imperial Majesty the emperor William was particular as to what kind of music he heard, even in the wilds of Austria.

The perplexity of the case was evident. With all his eloquence the *Hof-Prediger* urged me to help him to solve the difficulty. I protested, with an equal flow of language. How could I — a foreigner, having spent little more than twelve months in trying to master a language which Mark Twain assures us requires at least thirty years to learn? How was it possible for me to face a church full of Germans, to say nothing of the emperor himself, and calmly to sing to them in their native tongue? But my resistance was all in vain; the old man's distress was piteous, and very real, and he pleaded eloquently and well. Finally I consented, taking my courage in both hands, and remembering the Frenchman's receipt for success — *l'audace, toujours l'audace*. If ever a case of sheer and unmitigated audacity existed it was the present; therefore devoutly trusting the recipe might prove a sound one, I arranged to be at the tiny grey-stone church at a certain hour, and do my best to help in the emergency.

Sunday came, and the limited space of the building was crowded, as the emperor, tall and erect, his arm linked in that of his favorite aide-de-camp, General Count Lehdorff, walked up the aisle, followed by the suite in attendance, to the armchair set apart for his use on the right of the chancel. A few opening chords from the organ, and then, in terrible earnest, the singing began. How or why it went smoothly on, I did not at the time, nor do I now, clearly understand; but psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, whose number seemed interminable, all came at last to an end, and nothing particularly dreadful had happened.

The white-haired *Hof-Prediger* was certainly the most grateful human being it has ever been my lot to meet, and with beaming countenance he came to tell me that his Majesty had asked who had sung, and learning that it was an American lady, had sent his thanks, at the same time expressing a wish to make her acquaintance. It seemed churlish to damp the

good man's pleasure in bringing this gracious message, by suggesting the thought which had at once come to my own mind — namely, that the imperial ear had doubtless detected the fact that, whoever the singer might be, she certainly was *not* a native of the Fatherland; and this conviction it was which had prompted the courteous inquiries, so I merely accepted the flattering thanks with proper gratitude.

At La Solitude, the pretty white villa half hidden in trees, where Count and Countess Lehnendorff were spending part of the summer, I had the honor of meeting the venerable sovereign who to-day claims the respect of all Europe in his ripe and vigorous old age, and whose ninetieth year of an eventful life has lately been celebrated at the palaces in Unter den Linden. When Countess Lehnendorff presented me to him, he began speaking in French, but so indistinctly that I could not comprehend a word of what he said. As he paused, and evidently awaited some reply, I answered in most respectful tones, "Votre Majesté est trop bonne," — wildly hoping that the absolute vagueness of the phrase might in some way apply to the situation. Apparently it did not, for the emperor looked a trifle puzzled, and then, with a frank smile lighting up the fine soldier-face, he said inquiringly, "You speak German? Yes, of course; you were good enough to sing for us on Sunday." From that moment it was all right; and in the course of the following three weeks, during which time I frequently had the honor of meeting and conversing with the Kaiser under Countess Lehnendorff's hospitable roof, he invariably spoke in his native tongue, which I had no difficulty in understanding.

Every evening, when dining at a little table on the terrace of the Baderschloss, we could see Kaiser Wilhelm, who, having first finished his own dinner, would smoke his cigar at the open window above, and look down in amused interest at the various parties there assembled; and when eight o'clock came, an open victoria would drive up to the side door of the hotel, upon the box-seat of which, beside the coachman, was always the faithful *Jäger* who so bravely screened his imperial master from the shots of the assassin at the time of the first attempt upon his life at Berlin. The emperor, attended by his handsome aide-de-camp, who generally went by the name of *le beau Lehnendorff*, and who was a brother of the owner of La Solitude, would enter the victoria and be rapidly driven to the evening's entertain-

ment, whatever it might be. Had the dance already begun, the aged monarch would remain quietly standing at the door beside his hostess, smiling at those he knew who in turn might pass him, but allowing no interruption of the dance on account of his arrival. So soon as the music ceased he would cross the room and take possession of the comfortable armchair, which was placed in such manner that he could watch the dancers whilst talking to any one with whom he might wish to converse; or else, before going to his own particular corner, he would make a tour of the room, stopping to speak to those he knew, or requesting to have any he cared to know presented to him.

At one of these sociable little dances a figure was introduced into the cotillon which struck me as rather a trying one, and which, I fear, would hardly prove a success in a London drawing-room. Each lady had given to her, on a slip of paper, part of a verse of some poem, which she was to read aloud; and the man who found on his slip of paper the remaining half of the verse was likewise to read it, and then dance with the lady. Germans are passionately fond of poetry, and I was often struck by their familiarity with their native authors, therefore the responses to the ladies' readings were prompt and ready. I rather doubt the same result were "Young England" suddenly called upon to fit the remaining lines to the first half of a verse — even with the advantage of holding them written in his hand! Upon this particular occasion, I begged that my verse might be of the shortest. As a rule, I am thankful to say, I am not shy; but to stand directly in front of the emperor of Germany, surrounded by a room full of Germans and Austrians — myself the one only foreigner among them — and amid deep silence to read aloud the words of one of their favorite poets in the German tongue, — I felt to be a trifle severe upon my nerves. However, this ordeal, as the previous one of singing in the church, passed off without actual calamity. His Majesty was good enough to applaud the performance; and my destined partner read his part of the verse so promptly, and whirled me off in the dance so quickly, that I scarcely realized what I had done before it was all over.

At another time, when I returned to my seat after a figure in the cotillon, I found the emperor seated beside me, he having taken my partner's place during our absence. The old man was charming — talking so easily and agreeably, that I

quite forgot any previous awe which I might have felt. He spoke of his beloved Berlin, asking if I had been there; and my account of the adventures which had befallen me in that notable city seemed to strike him as so comical, that he laughed heartily, and as though no cares of empire weighed upon his shoulders, no Prince Bismarck had fallen to his lot as prime minister, and no Socialists awaited impatiently the chance of shortening his venerable life. Yet others felt how carefully that life must be guarded if assassins, already baffled, were to be ultimately defeated; and the emperor William never went for a morning stroll along his favorite Kaiser Promenade, that armed soldiers and *sergeants de ville* did not precede and follow him, to see that no dastardly hand lay in wait to strike down the erect and soldierly form. Surrounded by the officers and gentlemen of his suite, he would walk along the broad path named after himself, or wend his way up the steep hillside to a certain *point de vue* where a bowling-alley had been erected; and there he would watch the games, or even join in them himself, despite the fact that he carried the weight of over eighty years. One would never have suspected his great age when conversing with him, or seeing the active life he led.

When the time came for the emperor to leave Gastein, he sent a message through his aide-de-camp to those whom he wished to assemble in the hall of the Baderschloss to bid him adieu. I was reading in bed, about eight o'clock in the morning, when the message reached me, coupled with the intimation that I would be expected to present his Majesty with some flowers. The farewell ceremony was appointed for twelve o'clock. At once I sent my maid to get some blue corn-flowers, which are the emperor's favorites, and which in Germany go by the name of *Kaiserblumen*, whilst I myself made as rapid a toilet as possible. The girl returned with only a small handful of the flowers — they had all been bespoken and bought up long since, in anticipation of the royal departure. To present a trifling little bunch was out of the question, knowing how elaborate were some of the floral designs and bouquets already prepared; so I quickly made the flowers into the form of a horseshoe, fastening in the gold hearts of marguerites as the nails. This I tied with a Prussian blue ribbon, upon which I painted in white, *Glück auf*, the German for *Bon voyage*. My humble offering completed, I descended the steep hill from our villa,

and found myself among the little party at the Baderschloss, where were assembled the mayor of Gastein, my friend the *Hof-Prediger*, Count Lehndorff, and several other officials, three German ladies, and three Austrian. We all stood in a line around the hall, and waited until the Kaiser appeared, followed by his aide-de-camp. To each in turn the emperor said a few words, and the ladies presented their bouquets; which, after taking, his Majesty handed to General Lehndorff, who walked directly behind him in this farewell progress. I was the last in line, and to my great surprise, as I offered my horseshoe of flowers, the emperor drew from his pocket a little case containing a horseshoe in gold which he hoped I would wear in remembrance of *der alter Kaiser*. Naturally I was much pleased by the gracious gift, which to-day is amongst my favorite possessions. I bent and kissed the old man's hand, and then watched him drive away, surrounded by his flowers, feeling that I looked for the last time upon brave old Kaiser Wilhelm.

I had myself been in Berlin when both attacks were made upon the life of the emperor, — when Hoedle shot at him from the crowd, and Nobling from a window overlooking the celebrated street, Unter den Linden. A curious little incident occurred upon the latter occasion. As the emperor was going for his afternoon drive in the Thiergarten, he asked an attendant standing in the hall of the palace why such an unusual and gaily dressed crowd thronged the streets.

"They go to see the shah of Persia, your Majesty," was the answer.

"Ah! then I also must put on gala attire," the emperor remarked, smiling, and forthwith took from a table his Prussian helmet, replacing with its steel plating the military cloth cap which he had before placed on his head. When a few hours later he was brought back to the palace, wounded and bleeding, the helmet was dented in several places where the mixed shot used by Nobling had struck against the metal. Had the unresisting cloth been there instead, who can tell how different the ending of the tragedy might have been?

Two or three days after the attempted assassination, the old monarch asked to see the clothes he had worn on that fatal day. Looking at the military cape riddled with shot, and the dents in the eagle-capped helmet, he turned to those standing by his bedside, and with tears in his eyes, said, pointing to the marks of the

bullets, "Thank God, it was not one of my own Berlin men who did that!"

During those dark days in the German capital while it was not yet certain what the end might be, the anxious solicitude exhibited by all classes of society from the highest to the lowest, and through the length and breadth of the land, proved that if one hand had been found cowardly enough to fire at the oldest monarch in Europe, there were still thousands of men eager to prove themselves loyal subjects of the emperor William.

It is seldom that history records a life whose later years have only added to, instead of dimming, the greatness of its reputation; but at an age when most men have been laid aside as useless, and long after the date which even Scripture limits as the practical end of man, Kaiser Wilhelm continued to add new dignities and triumphs to his reign; and since establishing peace, has nobly championed the cause of peace, giving all the weight of his great influence to keep Europe undisturbed by the horrors of war. Rarely has there been an old age more honored, or more worthy of honor; and one and all must unite in hoping that the rejoicings of the year 1887 may not be the last to greet the gallant emperor at Berlin.

From Murray's Magazine.
BURMA'S RUBY MINES.

"THE territory of the mines of precious stones, in the district of Chiappien, in the kingdom of Ava, is by observation in latitude 22° 16' north. It is surrounded by nine mountains. The soil is uneven and full of marshes, which form seventeen small lakes, each having a particular name."

Such was the description written by the Jesuit monk D'Amato from his mission-house in Burma to a friend in Rome over fifty years ago of the region to which we were proceeding slowly in November last.

It was anticipated that we should not reach this unknown country without meeting with some opposition, and on November 15th a force of Shans was found stockaded in our front on the Kodan River. The ground they had chosen was a spot on which two years previously an army of Theebaw's had been completely routed. A successful flanking movement, however, cleared them out completely in a little over an hour, several dead and wounded men being left behind.

No more opposition being met with, Sagadoun at the foot of the hills was reached and occupied, and a halt was made for a few days. From here, six thousand feet above us, glittering in the sun, could be seen the peaks of Shwee-ov-Toun, which were promptly christened Sheba's breasts, from their supposed likeness to the hills that guarded King Solomon's mines, and lesser peaks covered with jungle forest, from which peeped out a native village or a green patch of cultivation.

On December 18th the march up the hills began. The only transport that could be used along these mountain tracks was that of pack mules and ponies, and hard work these poor beasts found it, often ascending two thousand feet in a day, and many a man wondered as he tramped along if his kit and food would reach him before midnight. At each camp new and curious views would open themselves out before us; at one point the plains and hills between us and Bhamo could be seen stretching for miles and miles in the bright evening sunlight; next morning the same country would be covered with white clouds floating far below our position, appearing like some huge snow-field. Again, at another camp would be discovered away to the east some mountain range of Yunnan veiled in blue mist.

As the force proceeded, the Shans and Dacoits fell back, evacuating one strong stockade after another, till at last, on the morning before Christmas day, we reached a point at the end of a narrow valley where the hills rose high above us, and through which two narrow passes lead directly into the ruby mine district. It was found that these passes were strongly stockaded, and held by the enemy in force.

General Stewart determined to attack the position on our right front first, as it would otherwise command our flank. A few shells were first dropped into it, and then an attacking party moved forward; in about an hour a ringing cheer informed us that the stockade was taken, and soon its former occupants could be seen scuttling over the hills, conspicuous in their white jackets and large straw hats. It was too late, however, to give proper attention to the stockade on our left which commanded the road to Mogok; so camp was pitched, and on the order bugle sounding it was found that we were to spend a quiet Christmas day, for the last few days' work had exhausted both men and beasts. At an elevation of about six thousand feet, the morning of December 25th dawned in

quite an English fashion; a heavy white frost covered the ground, and bitter were the complaints at the coldness of the night. The popular padre of the force held divine service and the day passed quietly. Next morning the column started early, but only to discover that the series of stockades on our left had been abandoned; they had been most carefully constructed and cleverly masked, and would, properly held, have formed a very formidable obstacle to the advance.

To understand the reason of this sudden evacuation the nature of the force engaged against us must be explained. The head men of the ruby mine district had been for the last few years more or less independent. Despising Theebaw's weak rule, they collected revenue which they did not pay into the royal treasury, and exercised extensive powers over their weaker neighbors. These few Burmese were very unwilling to give up their lucrative position without a murmur; they therefore collected a mercenary force of about one thousand men, recruited chiefly from different Dacoit bands and from the neighboring Shan States, agreeing to pay each warrior two rupees for fighting days and one rupee on non-fighting days, and giving them permission to find billets in any harmless village that was not strong enough to protect itself. They collected a sum of Rs. 50,000, of which they expended Rs. 20,000 in arms and advances. On our arrival before the two passes a considerable surplus of pay was due to these mercenaries, who after once testing the quality of our men and arms began to doubt if they were themselves invincible. They knew if they were again beaten they would not have the slightest chance of obtaining the balance of their money, and so, liking rupees, but disliking fighting, they fell back on Christmas day, clamoring for their rights. It was then discovered that the custodian of the Rs. 30,000, who was also the principal man of the district, had bolted. This curious force now took things into their own hands, looted the rich villages of their employers, and separated each man to his home.

Thus the opposition against us evaporated, and we entered the ruby mine valleys of Burma without firing another shot. On the morning of January 27th the last ridge overlooking Mogok was reached and the town lay at our feet.

Gilt pagodas, glittering steeples, ky-oungs and houses, picturesquely situated in a long valley with a background of hills towering high above, rich with the differ-

ent colors of the jungle foliage, and here and there variegated with patches of red and white, where a landslip had torn away the forest trees, or a new mine had been opened out: such was the first impression of "the territory of mines of precious stones," as the old Jesuit monk designated it.

We looked in vain for the seventeen small lakes, and found instead long stretches of rice-fields, yellow now in the dry season, but which will become a vivid green when the rains commence. Between the valley and the background there appeared to be a perfect labyrinth of minor ranges of hills and rolling ground, and a huge rock reared itself up from the plain like an island in some vast sea.

On closer inspection it appears without doubt that, centuries ago, this valley was an immense lake, and probably before that a volcanic crater; this will account for the curious bones of animals which the natives find in their excavations after precious stones.

The ruby-bearing district, of which we had now reached the centre, may be described as lying in a few compact valley basins, the principal of which are Mogok, Yebu, Kathé, and Kiapien. To the north is the mountain ridge over which our expedition had come. This range, known as the Shwee Doung, or Golden Mountains, runs east and west from the main chain that forms the backbone of Burma, dividing the Irrawaddi and Salween rivers, and its highest peak culminates at a point behind Mogok at an elevation of nine thousand feet, known as Toun-Mee or the Dark Mountain. These valley basins are really subordinate parts of one large basin intersected by numerous streams which finally unite; on the eastern side they enter a deep gorge running south towards Mainloun, while the waters on the western side find their way into the Maddea valley.

The principal features of these valleys are the ridges and isolated peaks of gneiss rocks that surround them, blackened by the hand of time, but where broken, showing a clear white fracture almost like pure marble. Through these rocks and fissures water conduits have been constructed, and the ravines are bridged over by aqueducts built with solid timber.

At first one would think that the southern slopes of the hills had been worked to the larger extent for rubies; for the red and white scars on the hillsides are much more numerous there than on the northern slopes. But it appears that just the re-

verse is the case, for the landslips on the former are natural, while those on the latter are mostly artificial and caused by a primitive system of hydraulic mining. It is related that nearly all these slips occurred in January of 1886, the month in which King Theebaw was dethroned, and the natives believe that nature thus showed its grief at the fall of the Alompra dynasty.

The town of Mogok itself is the centre, both politically and commercially, within this area; from it, good mule tracks lead to Momeit, Mainloun, and other Shan States, and a bazaar is held in its market on every fifth day, and is attended by the people of the villages for fifty miles round.

The population of the town is more dense than in any other part of the region, and there has been a large display of wealth by some of the few rich headmen, in the great number of pagodas erected in various groups about the valley, as well as in monasteries, and well-built rest-houses, or *syats*, for traders and travelers to stay in.

These monasteries, the home of the Buddhist priests, contain some most beautiful and curious carvings; but their possessors seem to treasure more, various articles of European manufacture. In these kyongs you meet with an old-fashioned champagne-glass or an American clock, or a gold Godama* will be seen reclining by an English brass candlestick. The priests exercise great ingenuity in hiding their so-called curios. Much amusement was caused at one monastery when its former occupier returned, by his going to a small outhouse, the use of which need not be specified, disappearing through a hole in the floor and returning with several cushions, rugs, and glass decanters; it appeared that these valuables had been hidden in an underground gallery, running at right angles to the foundation of the house, while the images of Buddha and the sacred books had been left to take their chance above ground. Besides these monasteries, little spirit or nat houses are dotted over the side of the hills, at which the inhabitants and miners continually deposit offerings of fruit and flowers; in fact, the people seem to hold these spirits of the woods in great awe, from their reputed power of doing good or evil.

Mogok in former days appears to have had a large trade in dry tea and other products; its inhabitants are mostly Shans, but the language of business is Burmese. The entire district, however,

contains a wonderful diversity of races; the Kapien people are pure Burmese; Kathé is inhabited by the descendants of a tribe of the same name who live in Manipur, some of whom were taken prisoners in one of the wars between Burma and Assam, and sent up to the ruby mines in slave-gangs by the then reigning king; but they have been settled so long, and have so frequently intermarried with the Burmese, that they have changed from Hinduism to Buddhism, and have entirely forgotten their original language. In many of the smaller villages are Paloungs, a tribe of hill people who cultivate tea in the mountains between China and Burma, and, strange to say, the costume of their women bears a marked resemblance to the ordinary dress of the Italian peasant. There are, besides, to be met everywhere innumerable Meinthas, dressed in a curious blue serge of native manufacture; these are the laboring class of the district, and turn their hand to anything. They come from a State about ten marches east of Momeit, and their ancestors are believed to be the elephant-drivers and camp-followers of a mighty army taken by an old king of Pagan some hundreds of years ago to conquer Yunnan; they either deserted, or were left behind and settled in the country, marrying Chinese wives; and they certainly might be proud of their descendants, for the Meinthas of to-day are a hard-working and thrifty race. Pure Chinese are also to be met with; while Panthés or Mahommedan Chinese are the principal traders of the district, continually moving about with their caravans of pack-mules loaded with European cotton goods, and eager for peace and a settled government.

The mines which have attracted all these races into comparatively so small an area are of three distinct kinds. The metamorphic or gneiss rock furnishes the first, and probably in the near future the most important of these. Huge fissures traverse its mass in all directions, caused by shrinkage in long-past ages, and these fissures have been filled, probably at an early stage of transformation, with a soft reddish and blackish clayey earth, generally containing rubies. These have escaped much of the water-wearing process to which the stones in the lower valley appear to have been subjected, and it is reported that some of the best gems have been found in such fissures. These crevices are called by the Burmese *loos*, or caves; they work them in a most superficial manner, simply following the veins

* Image of Buddha.

of soft earth between the walls of rock as far as practicable, or until they are stopped by poisonous gas. The earth is extracted and washed by hand in small round flat trays of bamboo basket-work. The most remarkable example of this system of mining is found on the Pingoo-Doung, or Pagoda Hill near Kiapien, a huge black mass of rock rising high above the valley, and carrying ruby-bearing earth both in its fissures and flanks. On its summit a gilt pagoda has been erected which forms a landmark for miles round, sparkling in the sun above its less favored neighbors. The workings on it are of a dangerous character, and fifteen miners were killed a little while ago by a landslide.

The second variety of mines is found on the sides of these rocky hills, where diversified strata of a red and white clayey consistency have been upheaved. The earth contains masses of harder material, undergoing rapid disintegration wherever exposed to the action of the air; some of it is almost as light as pumice-stone, and other portions nearly as hard as granite. The original material from which this red and white clayey stuff has proceeded is believed to be the matrix of the *corundum* which furnishes the ruby and sapphire in their now existing state. But repeated transformations must have been undergone since the formation of the original rock, during which selections and distributions of the valuable stone have occurred; for although the natives say that such stones may be found throughout almost the entire mass of this reddish earth, yet only certain places have been systematically worked for them.

This is done by a simple system of hydraulic mining on a small scale. Water is brought in an open conduit from the side of the hill in channels, never more than eighteen inches square, and delivered with very little pressure. This water is employed to wash the earth, generally along a natural channel, to the lowest part of the working, and at night is diverted into bamboo pipes which throw a spray on to different sides of the excavation. The earth, thus softened, is dug out in the morning by hand, usually with tools like gardeners' spuds, and then washed in the stream. Thus the whole of a hillside is slowly eaten away and its rubies extracted.

The third and last system of mining employed, is by sinking pits in the lower or plain parts of the valleys. The ruby strata here are of a different character, and a final process of discrimination ap-

pears to have distributed pockets of ruby-bearing earth under the entire area of the flat land in the different valleys.

This earth is called by the natives *byun*, and is generally found at two different depths, the first layer at about four feet, and the second, and richer one, at twenty to thirty feet below the surface. It is generally extracted by a company of miners, ten or twelve in number. Pits are dug about eight feet square, lined with rough timber, and stayed with four cross-pieces at intervals. Water enters the pit on sinking a short distance below the surface, and the principal work and source of expense is keeping the mine free from water. Upright posts are let into the ground at a short distance from the mouth, and a fork is cut in the upper end of each. In this fork is balanced a lever, the longer arm of which hangs over the pit, while the shorter arm carries a bucket weighted with stones to counterbalance the contents of the basket, which is connected with the longer arm by a bamboo which reaches to the bottom of the pit. This contrivance forms a most efficient though simple means of raising both water and earth by manual labor. Generally six or eight of these levers overhang each pit in actual working, and probably the proportion of water-buckets in constant use to earth-baskets is two to one. Three men at least are below, occupied in filling both baskets and buckets; they rise and fall incessantly during the working hours, which rarely exceed six daily. The ruby earth thus extracted is placed in a heap at the side of the pit, and on first exposure, while wet, sparkles in the sun with myriads of small stones, brilliant in color but not large enough, unfortunately, to be of any value.

When a sufficient quantity has been obtained it is washed in bamboo trays and handed over to the sorters, who, after carefully examining it, and taking out any stones of value, pass it on again to a small colony of women and children who generally surround every pit, and who again sort it slowly over in the hopes of finding some smaller stones that may have been missed by the men. It is a ludicrous sight to see two or three little children, who perhaps can scarcely walk, sitting down before a heap of this washed earth and sorting away with most serious faces, as if they realized that their existence depended upon their exertions. No machinery is apparent in the whole district, though it is stated that a pump was brought up a few years ago from Mandalay, but it

soon got choked, and was thrown away as useless, probably because no one understood how to work it. These gangs of miners are presided over by a *gyoung* or head man, and they appear to work on a co-operative system, the results of their labor being divided according to merit. Some curious superstitions exist among them, and they are great believers in dreams. No miner will dare mention or talk about an elephant, tiger, or monkey while at work; and lately they greatly feared that a few elephants, belonging to the commissariat department, which came down near the mines to feed, would frighten away all the rubies in the district. It is also thought, that if a man secretes a stone found while working at the diggings, he will sooner or later meet with some great misfortune and probably die some horrible death. This, however, does not prevent smuggling being carried on to a great extent, though the Burmese kings have resorted to many expedients in order to stop it.

One Lord of the White Elephant had all the ruby earth brought down to his palace and washed and sorted there by his numerous wives under a guard. In the late King Min-dohn-Min's reign, any smuggler or illicit dealer in rubies was publicly flogged at the street corners of the town, and all his property confiscated. The expedients for passing rubies through the king's guards that were stationed at different places on the road between the mines and Mandalay were surprising in their variety. Some of the miners or traders would make flesh wounds in their arms and legs, and place rubies in the different cuts. These would heal over and completely hide the gem beneath, which might be extracted when occasion served. Others would place packets of stones in the top-knots of their hair, or would carry them in small hollow bamboos with false bottoms. These devices must have been often successful, for numerous valuable stones reached Rangoon yearly, from unknown sources.

A legitimate trade in rubies, however, was carried on by a few Mandalay merchants, who used to come to the mines and return under a guard. These traders obtained their stones from the *gyoungs*, who were permitted to sell them for the benefit of their chiefs and subordinates. When the merchants returned to Mandalay, they were escorted to the king's ruby hall. There they had to pay the royal tax levied on these gems, which varied in amount according to whether the stones

were intended for home use or for exportation.

Rubies of a certain size and quality were considered to be the property of the king, who occasionally would reward the lucky finder; but in Theebaw's reign the miners seem to have troubled themselves very little about this excellent rule.

Strangers and foreigners have always been rigorously excluded from the ruby district, and few Burmese ever cared to come up from the plains, for the climate was considered most deadly, and it was believed that only natives could live in it for long.

That there is some truth in these reports is undoubted. The forest roads round the base of the hills are full of malaria, which proved most fatal to our troops, both European and native. The valleys also round Mogok are at sunrise covered with a thick white mist to a height of over one hundred feet from the plain, which seems to be productive both of fever and ague, and as the mining villages are almost always built in the valleys, their inhabitants receive the full benefit of this wet blanket. Again, the extremes of temperature are excessive, the thermometer often registering 26° Fahr. at six in the morning, and 90° Fahr. in the shade at noon. On the side of the hills above the belt of fog the climate at present is charming, though proper houses are needed to guard against the cold by night and the heat by day; what the weather will be in the rains it is impossible to say, though the natives shake their heads in an ominous manner whenever the subject is mentioned.

The whole neighborhood gives promises of great fertility if properly cultivated. Tea is grown on hills close by, while further west immense tracts of country are devoted to its cultivation, by the Paloungs. Apple, pear, and peach trees are to be seen in all the village monasteries, but the fruit is greatly deteriorated by the absence of the pruning-knife, the use of which would be against the mandates of Buddhism.

It is difficult to predict the future of this unique region, the mineral resources of which might be greatly developed by the introduction of simple machinery combined with skilled management co-operating with native labor. This course would probably lead its destiny to uneventful but prosperous times. Mogok might again become a large business centre, its caravans rivalling those of Bhamo in the carrying trade with China. On the other

hand, if the district is thrown open to unrestricted competition, and to an influx of loafers and criminal classes, these beautiful valleys might for a time compare on a small scale with the palmy days of Ballarat and California; but their riches would soon be exhausted and their mines abandoned, except by the few who could afford to sink large capitals in an extensive system of scientific mining; what is now a peaceful and in a measure prosperous series of communities would be converted to a pandemonium, and this, though only temporary in its continuance, would leave permanent effects of the most injurious character. Much, however, remains to be done before civilization in either of the above forms can enter the district. A good road has to be constructed by which stores and materials can be conveyed all the year round. The friendship of the neighboring Shan States has to be gauged, and the military force relieved by police.

The ensuing rains, soon to begin, and which possibly may cut us off from all communication, except at rare intervals, should allow government time enough to settle definitely the future of Burma's ruby mines.

G. SKELTON STREETER.

Mogok, March 8, 1887.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

OUR LAST ROYAL JUBILEE.

THE autumn of 1809—and the loyal subjects of his Most Sacred Majesty George the Third were becoming daily more and more jubilee-mad. It had required a vast amount of eloquence and persuasion, in the first instance, to work up the national spirit to the required pitch of enthusiasm, but, this once accomplished, our grandfathers held to their purpose with a tenacity which, under the circumstances, did them infinite credit. Truth to tell, the political and social outlook both at home and abroad was at its gloomiest at the very time when arrangements were being made for general rejoicings; and the man who could persuade himself that he meant what he said when he joined in the great thanksgiving services for "peace and plenty," must have been a very enviable individual. That the long-drawn-out Napoleonic wars were becoming a sore drag both upon the hearts and the purses of those at home; that the depression in trade, though temporary, was great; that the Portland ministry had

quarrelled and had sent in their resignation, after the failure at Walcheren had cost the lives of some twenty thousand of our soldiers,—these were amongst the many thoughts which were stirring in the minds of the people that autumn; and a certain Mr. Waithman expressed pretty accurately the feelings of many thinking men when he declared that to waste money in bonfires, when the people were at their wits' end to pay their taxes, was opposed to his own notions of common sense. This was at the court of Common Council which was held on September 15 to consider the all-important question of the celebration. If they merely wanted to forward the king an address, well and good; if the lord mayor chose to invite the Corporation to turtle and venison, he for one would accept a seat at table; but to ask an impoverished nation to spend more money was, in his opinion, ridiculous. The suggestion, he added, could only have been made to cover the disgrace of the ministers.

This worthy obstructionist was calmed down at last, and, through him, the bulk of the people, by hearing a fuller explanation of how the great day was to be kept. It was to be no question of giving; it was all to be getting. This of course put a different aspect on affairs. Every one suddenly remembered what a bluff, soft-hearted, hard-headed old Englishman had been reigning over them for forty-nine long years. They told each other long-winded yarns of how he had trotted (in a very unkingly but very lovable fashion) in and out of every cottage round Windsor or Kew, and how he gave to one old biddy "five guineas to buy a jack," and to another substantial help towards her boy's schooling, and so on. Old men who could relate, or invent anecdotes of the monarch's young days were in high requisition, and their tales fell on delighted ears. That with all his bigotry and with all his ignorance he had tried to do his duty in a brave, uncompromising fashion, went for very little by the side of his own personal acts of kindness; and, once assured that the jubilee meant no more than that the fatherly old king was arranging a universal holiday, the matter was taken up with zest and the enthusiasm spread like wild-fire. Even the news that no single member of the royal family would be in town upon the great day could not damp the eagerness of the Londoners. It seemed to be pretty generally understood that it was more natural for the homely, popular king to spend it at Windsor, where every petty tradesman or chubby Eton boy was almost

a personal friend, than in the capital, and no dissatisfaction was shown.

The morning of October 25 dawned clear and bright, and before even early risers had left their beds, London was roused by the joy-bells pealing madly from every church tower and steeple. Every one was early a-foot, dressed as befitted so festive an occasion, and in recalling the scene it should be remembered that a crowd of nearly eighty years ago was better worth surveying from an artistic point of view than is one of to-day, while the many flags and banners which were being hung from every house gave a holiday appearance to the whole. All business was suspended by mutual consent, and every doorway and window was gay with ladies and children, brave in holiday attire, and wearing, for the most part, ribbons of garter blue, to which were attached the medals which had been struck for the occasion. The sovereign's head was represented in profile, and was declared to be an excellent likeness, while the obverse of the coin bore suitable legends and inscriptions.

The centre of attraction was now the Guildhall, where the lord mayor, gorgeous to behold in his state coach drawn by six prancing and beribboned greys, was joined by the members of the Corporation, and thence proceeded in solemn state to St. Paul's. The procession was swelled by several regiments of volunteers, and various city companies, and, with bands playing and banners waving, it was altogether a goodly show for the patient and delighted mob. St. Paul's Cathedral crowded, and every member of that crowd—from the sweet-voiced charity-children to the gruffest-toned verger—joining in the glorious National Anthem, must have been a thing to remember; and so too, though in another way, must have been the sudden desertion of the streets, as every place of worship—Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Nonconformist—was suddenly carried by storm. Volunteers attended *en masse*, and, service once over, they made their way to Hyde Park, where they held a grand review, and fired countless *feux de joie*.

Meanwhile, a universal feasting was in active preparation. George the Third's jubilee was altogether very typical of the time in which it was held. With one exception, there does not seem to have been a man, woman, or child in the kingdom who did not consider that to eat a good dinner was the acme of human bliss, and to bestow one the highest form of Christian charity. One person was, indeed, so

eccentric as to hint that the building of some almshouses would be a good way of commemorating the anniversary, but nothing came of the idea. As to imperial institutes, clergy houses, cottage hospitals, and the like, nothing half so unsatisfactory was even suggested. To prove a nation's joy by eating roast beef and plum pudding and drinking quarts of beer was pre-eminently British, and, therefore, to do anything else would have been flat heresy and disloyalty. So it comes to pass that in reading the records of this most auspicious twenty-fifth of October, one's mental horizon becomes darkened with myriads of plum puddings, and rejoicings under the third George take the form of one long perpetual dinner list. In every town and hamlet throughout England an ox was roasted whole, and the dinner was the one event of the day, Dunstable boasting itself the most loyal because at the town hall the diners sat down to table nearly a thousand strong. In all British ports our sailors managed enough rum to float a man-o'-war; while in London itself some notion of the singleness of idea, as far as enjoyment went, may be gathered from the fact that the governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in the goodness of his heart, ordered plum pudding and porter to every patient there.

The one exception amidst all this wasted money to which notice has already been drawn, was in the case of the poor debtors. Those unfortunate men were certainly given cause to bless the jubilee, for not only all debtors to the crown were released, but the king headed a subscription for the remainder with 4,000*l.*, and his example was loyally followed by all classes of men, amongst the larger sums being 500*l.* from the Quakers and 1,000*l.* from the Corporation. All deserters from fleet and army were granted a free pardon; those confined for military offences were released; officers of both services received general brevet promotion; and all prisoners of war on parole were sent back to their own countries, with the exception of those poor wretches who happened to be French. This was as a matter of course at the time when the requirements of pastors and masters were fully satisfied by paterfamilias taking young hopeful on his knee, and repeating the accepted formula: "Be a good boy. Say your prayers, love your mother, and hate the French." It would indeed have been almost an insult to the unbounded patriotism which was then rampant to have helped any poor "Mounseer," and amongst these otherwise

very general rejoicings I can find but a single instance, Messrs. Burrige, of Portsmouth, gave threepence each to the Frenchmen who were on board the prison-ships which were quartered there, "in consequence," as they said, "of the humanity shown by Marshal Mortier to the British sick and wounded after the battle of Talavera." Let us hope that the kindly Mortier, who was then leading his victorious armies against the Spaniards, heard of the outcome of his good deeds, and rejoiced that his old soldiers had not been left entirely out in the cold.

Nightfall in London brought the revelers into the streets, which were lighted with thousands of little colored lamps, while every coffee-house, public office, and building of any note, besides many private houses, were literally one blaze of light. Transparencies, showing the king under every guise, were exceedingly popular, and the streets were crowded with merry, jostling sight-seers who waited until the lights were extinguished before walking contentedly home with, it is to be hoped, a deepened sense of the national glory to balance the many inevitable headaches of the morrow.

At Windsor the day was passed in the humdrum, staid style which one would have expected under Farmer George. A whole ox was roasted, and the queen, with four dandified sons and one rosy-cheeked daughter, went to inspect and taste this delicacy. The cooks wore new blue suits and white silk stockings, which appear to have created an immense excitement amongst the good people of Windsor. They cheered her Majesty, the silk stockings, the bowing princes, and the roasting ox, and every one was exceedingly jubilant. The one touching incident in this somewhat prosaic picture is the absence of the good old king himself. It was only a year, remember, before his insanity was again openly declared, and the courageous little queen had probably good reasons of her own for keeping him not only from the metropolis, but also as far as she could from the Windsor gossips upon such an exciting day as that of the jubilee. He was visible at chapel, and again when they fired a *feu de joie* in the Long Walk, and he rode past the men and responded silently to their salute, but this was all. Even at the grand *fête* which Queen Charlotte gave at Frogmore, where for once the etiquette-loving woman laid aside her notions of what was permissible, and invited not only the nobility but the tradesmen and their wives; and where for once,

too, her sons merged their horror of the slowness of the court in hearty enjoyment of the novelty, — even at Frogmore the king did not put in an appearance. This unexplained absence is the one touch which redeems the whole useless and resultless pageant; and the thought of the old man wandering alone through the rooms of his palace holds more poetry than any or every grandiloquent verse which was written for the occasion, and echoed across the dinner-tables of enthusiastic and toast-loving subjects.

One thing there was, and only one, to sustain the character of the much vaunted "good old times." Ireland not only joined in the jubilee, but found three days instead of one barely sufficient to express her overflowing devotion to the powers that were. Universal thanksgiving; reviews; public dinners, public fireworks, public balls; every one asked everywhere, every one — high and low — responding eagerly; the king's health drunk with enthusiasm; all local magnates cheered to the echo. And following on all these good things, a certain magisterial notice which ought to be made a matter of history: "*not a single individual was charged on the watch.*" One reads of such things with envious eyes, and the men of the Georgian jubilee, — these Englishmen who drank and swore, who held "foreigners" and "Popery" in equal detestation, and whose notions of a fifty-years celebration could rise no higher than freeing their poorer brethren from debt and giving themselves and their children an extra good dinner, — they rise considerably in our estimation. In spite of their narrowness and ignorance they had brains enough to keep themselves and their fellow-subjects in good order, and sense enough to prefer fighting a mutual foe to quarrelling amongst each other. The obstinacy, the pigheadedness, of these grandfathers of ours is almost proverbial, but much as we may pride ourselves on the different and enlightened spirit in which we are proposing to keep our own Victorian jubilee, this sore question of Irish loyalty should not be let slip. For it was this obstinacy which kept Ireland, this "pigheadedness" that saved the England of eighty years ago from the (then) un-English sin of vacillation; and if we would honestly seek the primal cause of our present trouble, we should find that in ridding ourselves of this, possibly, undesirable quality, it has only been to cultivate a process of thought which these ancestors of ours so wisely abhorred.

Thackeray closes his history of the Georges with an allusion to the queen we all love so dearly, and as it was her jubilee which suggested this chit-chat on that of George the Third, I cannot perhaps conclude better than by echoing the great writer's words: "The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.,—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his sceptre a wiser rule and a life as honorable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue."

From The Spectator.

THE GWALIOR "FIND."

THE government of India has discovered a treasure in Gwalior, — one of those immense hoards of money of which we so often hear, but which are so seldom visible in actual coin. There is only one, we think, known to exist in Europe outside a bank, the treasure of the Prussian monarchy, reported to be always seven millions sterling. Shortly after the death of the late maharajah of Gwalior, the government were informed that he had accumulated money in cash to a surprising extent. The government wanted a small loan, and as it was useless and wasteful to hoard cash up during a minority, they proposed to the Gwalior regency to borrow three millions at four per cent., principal and interest to remain, of course, the maharajah's property. The Council of Regency readily assented, and Mr. Westland, financial secretary, was sent down to examine and release the reported treasure. It turned out to be quite real. Guided, no doubt, by native information, Mr. Westland dug up the floor of some rooms in the Gwalior zenana, and discovered cellar after cellar packed with silver and jewellery, the value of the whole exceeding five millions sterling. The three millions stipulated were exchanged for bonds, the coin was sent to the Treasury, and it is believed that the effect of the find will be perceptible even in the annual account of the coinage and of the import of silver into India.

The story is, in many points of view, a most singular one. In the first place, it throws a flood of light upon the native

mind. Sindiah was an intelligent prince, carefully educated, and quite familiar with the business of government; yet he thought it worth his while to falsify the whole accounts of his principality, as he must have done in some way or other, through his whole reign, to sacrifice an enormous income in interest, and to run a certain amount of risk for his principal, in order to have the command, at a minute's notice, of a huge sum in specie. It is exceedingly large for a native State, for the whole nominal revenue of Gwalior is only £1,200,000, and the buried treasure would suffice to keep a native army of one hundred thousand men beyond the ordinary and recognized force of the State for at least three years. Sindiah, in fact could with ease have quadrupled the strength of every regiment in his service, and then have fought through two long campaigns. This, there can be little doubt, was, if not his intention, at least the possibility which dominated his mind, and gave him his willingness to pursue steadily, through years upon years, a policy of such persistent craft. He had lived through the Mutiny, he remembered when all India was in the crucible, and when any leader with an army could pick up provinces by the handful; the crisis might arrive again, and he resolved to be ready. He drilled all the soldiers he could, passing them rapidly through the mill, and he built up, by means of which we should much like to hear an accurate account, a treasure almost as great as that of the Prussian monarchy, and, like it, available at an hour's notice. We do not know — if he got the money fairly, which is doubtful — that he can be blamed for guile, and certainly he cannot be accused of want of intelligence. He may not have contemplated treason against the empress, but may have expected some general overturn — no native regards the British rule as anything but an unpleasant passing phenomenon, a cloud crossing the Indian sun — in which he would have as much right to assert himself as another; and his method was precisely that of the later Hohenzollerns, supposed to be the most far-sighted of mankind. He provided troops and treasure — drilled troops and treasure in coin — against a rainy day; and it is by doing the same thing steadily and silently, that the Hohenzollern dynasty has become the most powerful in the world. It is not, however, altogether pleasing to receive such evidence that a Hohenzollern may be lurking amidst the princes of India, or to be shown in so un-

mistakable a manner that when he chooses to hide a secret, he can do it so completely, and that all our apparatus for civilized espionage is worth so very little. Sindiah, to all appearance, might have gone on amassing silver coin for fifty years, and the empress's government would never have heard more than a vague rumor that the house of Gwalior was very rich. Treasurers, guards, women, slaves, all of whom must have been trusted, would have kept the secret as strictly as Sindiah himself, and, indeed, did keep it until released from their silence by the accident of a minority. That is precisely the position which Napoleon had to face in Prussia during Hardenberg's *régime*; and, as we have said, it is not one calculated to increase confidence in the lasting quiet of the Indian Empire.

In the second place, a big fact like the Gwalior treasure may induce observers to reconsider some modern theories as to the hoarded wealth of India. Sixty years ago, most Anglo-Indians believed that every princely family in the continent, many of the mercantile families, and some at least of the hereditary corporations in charge of temples, hoarded money in vast sums. As we never found such a hoard, however, and as native princes were often discovered to be in debt, the belief gradually died away, and was replaced by a notion that the Indian aristocracy, though frequently rich, was as a body exceptionally profuse, and apt to get itself into pecuniary scrapes. That was the belief from 1845 to 1860, and it was rather confirmed than weakened by the events of the Mutiny, during which we made only one grand seizure of treasure, the well-known Kirwee prize. At the same time, however, the theory that the peasants held large sums in cash was stoutly maintained, and it was not till the famine revealed another side to the picture that this opinion slowly died away, being replaced by the now prevailing impression that the Indian peasantry is one of the poorest in the world. The Gwalior find, though it has of itself little to do with the matter, will probably render the pessimists more cautious, and perhaps in the end develop an opinion somewhat closer to the truth which, as we believe after a lifetime of inquiry, is very like this. There are wealthy princes and poor or extravagant princes in India, as elsewhere; but the former class do hoard as persistently and carefully as any of their subjects. They like their wealth in a concrete form; they do not like to acknowledge it, partly lest it should be borrowed on interest, but chiefly because they

do not wish to reveal their methods of acquiring money; and they therefore, for these ends, consent to surrender all chance of interest, — an enormous sacrifice, for they could readily make eight per cent. on security within reach of their own guards. The extent of these hoards is, of course, unknown; but in two or three cases where the throne has been regularly transmitted, or where the ruler's opportunities have been unusual, it may amount to at least the sum accumulated by the maharajah Sindiah. A very moderate pressure exercised by an absolute Asiatic over a million of people, will bring in a good round sum; and if the rajah trades, it is astonishing what a preference his subjects feel for his particular goods, and how little he is cheated. Again, though great masses of Indian peasants are very poor, a very large class, amounting over the vast continent to many millions, is as well off as any small proprietary in the world, is as thrifty as the peasantry of France, and does undoubtedly keep its hoards for considerable periods in cash. They are depleted by funerals, by marriages, and by religious ceremonials; but events of that kind only occur four or five times in a generation, and in the intervals the hoard grows large in proportion to the income. No amount of gold poured into India ever keeps it above the surface, and a considerable proportion of the silver imported is untraceable as circulating coin. There are fifty millions of households in India, and allowing for the prosperity of the wheat-growers, cotton-growers, seed-growers, oil-growers, and many other classes, it is by no means impossible that fifteen millions of these households contain from one hundred to two hundred and fifty rupees apiece. That would represent an aggregate hoard of about two hundred million sterling, locked up for long periods of time without producing interest or serving any other purpose. The estimate may seem large, and no doubt it must vary greatly with prices and prosperous and unprosperous years; but India has the population of Europe, and a population trained for ages to patience and self-restraint. If a family made up its mind not to touch its hoard till a particular date, famine would hardly induce it to break its rule, and we suspect that money is often borrowed when the sum could easily be obtained by breaking a resolution. We have often doubted whether a metal bank-note would not pay the Indian banks of issue, the notes failing to return for ten years at a time, and whether indestructible State bonds at two

per cent. would not be purchased to a large amount. The native is as keen about interest as any Jew; but he will forego it readily for the double luxury of keeping his savings secret, and in his own hands; and his preference for gold shows that the smallness, as compared with the value of a coin, increases greatly his eagerness to possess it. The writer has stood in a room lined from floor to roof with English sovereigns every one of which had been ordered by Sikh peasants and was to be withdrawn from circulation. Every one had been pierced for a wire, the peasantry stringing the sovereigns in rouleaus.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE EGYPTIAN OIL-WELLS.

THE petroleum-wells on the west coast of the Red Sea, concerning which high expectations are entertained at Cairo, lie at the extremity of the Gulf, and within about one hundred and forty miles of the port, of Suez. The approach by sea from the north is along a most inhospitable-looking coast, as seen from the deck of a steamer; a landscape without a sign of water or a vestige of verdure. The hills, of evident volcanic origin, rise from near the shore in serried lines as far inland as the eye can reach; their rugged, unclothed peaks sharply defined against the steel-blue sky; a picture of desolation under the rays of the noonday sun, but affording marvellous effects of color at dawn or when bathed in the warm afterglow of an Egyptian sunset.

On rounding a small promontory after a run of fourteen hours from Suez, we come in full view of the little settlement at Zeitieh nestling under the black brow of Jebel Zeit—the Oil Mountain—on the northern extremity of a fine natural harbor, which we enter through a deep, well-defined channel between the coral reefs. The first view strikingly reminds one of Eden City as depicted in the old woodcuts in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Rows of small wooden shanties, unadorned by paint or plaster, run at right angles one to another, forming broad thoroughfares where some goats and geese—apparently the sole inhabitants—are disconsolately wandering. One tiny box of a house bears the imposing inscription, in letters a foot long, "Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Office;" and a crescent flag flying from a tall pole over another Lilliputian structure marks the official residence of the Egyp-

tian government representative. However, as we drop anchor alongside the new pier we obtain a wider view of the place, which now presents a more animated and business-like appearance. The ground is covered by a network of rails sweeping round from various points towards the "workshop"—a large corrugated-iron building which towers to the east of the little settlement; the intervening space being encumbered with boring-tubes, steam-cranes, and machinery of numerous kinds in endless confusion. A visit to the foundry, smelting-room, and workshops well repays the visitor.

The machinery is all of the finest description; the steam cushioned hammer being, for instance, a perfect model in its way. Certainly, if the dream of oil prove illusory, the sale of this plant will be an offset against the very great original outlay incurred by the Egyptian government in their search for the hidden spring. The electric light is supplied throughout the premises; any part of which can be separately illuminated at a moment's notice. The skilled workmen are principally Americans, with a sprinkling of Russians and Roumanians from Baku, many of whom are accompanied by their wives. The welfare of the community has not been overlooked. Their material wants are principally supplied from Suez, between which port and Jebel Zeit a more or less regular weekly communication is maintained. Fresh vegetables and fruit are procurable in abundance from Tor on the opposite Sinai coast, and bullocks from Keneh on the Nile. Water is condensed at Gimsah, where an old khedivial steamer is stationed for the purpose; while ice and mineral waters are made on the spot in sufficient quantities to meet all demands.

The Oil Mountain, Jebel Zeit, lies in latitude 27° 50' N.; but the petroleum district, as marked on our Admiralty charts, really extends for several miles to the north and south of this point. The whole territory shows more or less indication of surface oil, and is besides rich in hydrocarbons, sulphur, lime, etc., offering an interesting field for geological research. Gypsum of the purest quality has been discovered in abundance some miles to the north of Jebel Zeit, and already measures are in contemplation to work these gypsum fields. The promontory of Gimsah lies about twelve miles south of Jebel Zeit, and here another little City of Eden has sprung into existence. About two miles north-north-east of the spacious natural harbor formed by this promontory

and the adjacent coral reefs are found the so-called petroleum pools, consisting of a black, bitumen-like substance, which emits an unmistakable odor, and "scents the desert air" for miles around. In the neighborhood of these pools we come upon the traces of former excavations of a somewhat extensive character, which were commenced by the ex-khedive Ismail in quest of oil and abandoned nigh twenty years ago. The hill of Gimsah is honey-combed throughout—the work of a French company to whom Ismail Pasha gave a concession for sulphur-mining about the same time. It is here that Mr. Tweddle, the American expert to whom the work of exploration has been temporarily confided, has finally pitched his tent, after abandoning the previous borings at Zeitieh; and it is here where his artesian boring machinery may be seen in active operation. The lowest depth attained is seven hundred and fifty feet, at No. 2 derrick; whilst Nos. 1, 3, and 4 show a descent of three hundred and fifty-six feet, six hundred feet, and four hundred feet respectively. A certain pressure of gas is sometimes experienced, on which occasions oil of a superior quality, though generally mixed with sea water, rises temporarily to the surface. No rich deposit has, however, as yet been discovered, so that all that can be said at present is that the indications are favorable. Pessimists aver that even if the vein be struck the pressure will be insufficient for practical purposes. They base their opinion on a report—to which they give credence—of the frequent appearance of oil on the surface of the sea at a distance of several miles from the coast. From this they infer the existence of a permanent subaqueous outlet which would, of course, greatly tend to reduce such pressure as might otherwise be expected. Be this as it may, Mr. Tweddle seems sanguine as to the ultimate success of the enterprise, if only the Egyptian government can be induced to persevere. His contract expires in a few weeks and is not likely to be renewed; but the circumstance of his retirement need not necessarily impede the work of exploration. A complete staff of skilled American and European workmen has been collected who, if willing to remain, are fully equal to the task allotted to them under any ordinary surveyor. The appliances and organization leave nothing to be desired; so there need be no fear of the undertaking being abandoned until all reasonable hopes of success have been finally exhausted.

A DAY'S BOAR-HUNTING IN BENGAL.

A WRITER in the *Field* describes the chief incidents of a boar-hunt in which he and a dozen others took part in Behar. The first animal the beaters drove out of the covert in front of which the horsemen were posted was a wolf. This afforded a chance of deciding a question they had just been arguing—whether a wolf could be run down by a horse—and accordingly the whole field went in pursuit. "At first the wolf, not quite seeing what was up, was inclined to take it leisurely till we neared upon him, when he put on full steam, widening for a while the breach between us; but as ground got clearer, and *dureres* (field hedges), which greatly hampered the long stride of the horses, fewer, we found ourselves again nearing, Begg with the lead, along with four others who had singled themselves out of the crowd. We are collaring our chase plainly enough. Great though wolf's speed, he is not proof against the well-trained horses on good ground. Now Begg's spear hangs over wolf, and each felt a pang as his chance of first spear seemed gone. But wolf, looking up just in time, espied the glittering point, and evaded his fate by dodging to the right, just enough to front Williams, who, riding next, pressed for spear. Any one now might 'back the winner,' as, whenever a horse came too close, wolf just slipped aside a little. By Jove! a close shave that! Williams's spear was over wolf, just grazing his hide, when wolf dodged it by crossing under the horse, then, pulling up sharp, doubled round for the rear, after marvelously escaping a broken back among the horses' feet. Pulling up, I got round in time to see the fight finished. How often it happens that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong! Macfadgen, coming quietly, dodging along hindmost, like a piece of well-steaded machinery, meets wolf after he had run the gauntlet of his other enemies, and, with spear held well forward, pins him through and through, the steel striking the ground. The fight is over. The scourge of sleeping children, vainly struggling to keep his legs, is put beyond pain as the field gathers round. He was a spanking wolf, well worth our trouble." After an interval of rest there was an exciting encounter with a boar, which made such a desperate charge on his leading pursuer that, notwithstanding a spear-thrust, he "sent horse and rider spinning through the air as if they were executing an acrobatic feat,

and finally landing on their backs after a complete double revolution." Then two boars broke away, and one of them made a desperate resistance, meeting charge after charge when brought to bay, and dying bristling with embedded spears. "He was a tall, lanky fellow, with big tusks, of the kind that would give us a sharp run and prove an active fighter. That he could run was already obvious by the way he was taking across country; that, too, none of the smoothest, but well broken by ditches and holes of one kind and another, where the chances of a spill were about five to one. . . . A mile or two of stiff riding had now to be got through ere we overhauled him again, which, on perceiving, he made for a pool of stagnant water, the remnant of a dried-up lake. Here he lay down to wallow and roll while we surrounded him. Having become aware of this fact, his lowering eye and wrathful visage proclaimed no pleasure at the discovery, while leaving as little doubt of his intentions. He sounded a couple of snorts, nodded his head, and advanced at a walk in my direction, having seemingly singled me out for vengeance. The walk merged into a trot, trot into a gallop, and before I could well wheel my horse to meet him he was on me like a thunderbolt. Hitting my boot a sharp blow with his tusk in passing—a rapid movement having evaded his direct charge—he was not content to go on, but turned round to have a word with the horse. As he disappeared below its flanks I dealt his rear, which protruded, such a stimulant as speedily sent him out and on to the next

horse, that of Williams, who was advancing to meet him. Ere reaching Williams's horse, however, he met his spear, which slipped through and through him, only to be doubled up next instant against the horse, as pig swerved in his course for a fresh charge. He was now intently plying his tusks on Westwood's horse (the latter so frightened that it seemed paralyzed and unable to move), and seemingly indifferent to Westwood's spear, now added to the number. After serving out Westwood, he made again for the puddle, lively enough, though a little disheartened *en route* by another spear from Williams. Not yet beat, however, he stood at bay in the water, turning to face every attack, and meeting his assailant half-way like a true duellist. It was a turn of sharp practice now, as one after another rushed by him, manœuvring their horses so as to deliver the spear and yet avoid the charge; but it was a fight that could not last. Assailed on every side, boar gradually sank under the repeated thrusts, till his last efforts showed only the will without the power. Bristling all over with embedded spears, at length the poor brute lay down, fighting to the last, with the dying satisfaction, however, of having left his marks on three horses. A fine 'tusker' he was, measuring thirty-seven inches. On looking at our horses, I found both my saddle-girths cut, one right through, the other nearly, and a long but not deep cut on the horse's forearm. Williams and Westwood fared worse, Williams's horse having been cut in three places; but, though severely, neither dangerously."

MORADABAD AND THE JUBILEE. — The people of Moradabad have determined on commemorating the jubilee of the queen-empress in a thoroughly practical and useful form—one in consonance with the noble movement now on foot for the amelioration of the sufferings of India's women. At a cost of some twenty thousand rupees, contributed partly by private subscriptions and partly by municipal donations, the Jubilee Hospital for Females is to be erected on a suitable plot of ground, acquired for that purpose near to the Civil Hospital. The building is to be of a novel and picturesque design, and will contain eight special wards for *purda-nashin* women, besides accommodation for sixteen other female patients, quarters for female doctor, dispensing and store rooms. Mr. Speding, the magistrate of Moradabad, is work-

ing hard to secure the buildings being constructed at the earliest possible date. "When this is done"—to use the words of Dr. Walker, inspector-general of civil hospitals—"and the female hospital is placed under the charge of a trained female practitioner, the Moradabad Hospital will be in advance of any other in these provinces." In connection with the above movement, we may mention that Moradabad will have the honor of heading the list of jubilee card collections, the applications for cards having been first received from this district. A sum of over eight thousand rupees has already been collected on these cards, chiefly in small sums. If other districts will only follow the example of Moradabad, the success of the Dufferin Fund will be assured.

Allahabad Pioneer.

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ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

HAY FEVER.

To the periodical sufferer, who despairingly looks forward to "the 19th of August, at 11 A.M., sharp," for the return of that annual torment, hay fever, rose cold, hay asthma, or rose fever and aestivis, it may seem early in the season to give any warning or advice on this disease. But if we can thus early call the attention of even one-fifth of the "quarter million of the American people who are seized by this disease," to a very easy and pleasant remedy for its cure—if taken in time—they will answer the question, have we not commenced this subject too soon? with a "thousand times no!"

For many years they have undergone a painful siege, until frost relieves them; as disagreeable to others as it has been distressing to them. Though many have given it a careful study, and many essays have been written upon it by eminent physicians, yet its cause and true nature are but little known. Because of its regular periodic character, this was taken as its most salient point, and there the use of quinine has been very generally prescribed. On one point the M.D.'s seem generally agreed, — *i.e.*, the disease rests in the individual and not in the surrounding air. But they do not go further to determine for us whether microzoic life or merely nervous irritation with asthmatic abnormal conditions are the cause of this most unwelcome malady. We will leave to others the opening of this field, but as for ourselves we will offer the sufferers that remedy which we believe to be the most reasonable, and from the experience of a large number of patients, the most efficacious.

Summer is soon upon us, and also with many will come the dreaded hay fever. There is not the fear of an inexorable fate as with consumption in its last stage, but who has any fancy for that almost certain periodic spasm for sneezing! sneezing!! sneezing!!! That intolerable feeling of languor. Loss of taste and appetite. That hopelessness which says you must endure until the season is passed in which the hay fever claims control.

We speak of it thus early that all who read this article may have time to think and act after they have read the following testimonials, and many others we can give, the writers of which are scattered far and wide over our country:

(Name sent, if desired.)

(5 M., 252.)

"CHAPEL HILL, N. C., June 10, 1886.

"Age 52. Mild form of hay fever for four or five years. It is marked by itching and inflammation of eyelids, sufficient to annoy without disqualifying me from reading, etc., by frequent sneezing, slight watery discharges from nostrils, especially the right one, and frequent, though not often severe, headache; short winded.

"CHAPEL HILL, N. C., September 6, 1886.

"To-day closes the tenth week of the Treatment. It has to a great extent relieved my *hay fever*, enabling me to pass the most comfortable summer I have had for years. I think I have not had what could be called *headache* since the first inhalation, though I have been more exposed at night than usual, and I have recently undergone very trying anxiety and irregularity and loss of sleep. I find all symptoms better and in better condition for my work than at the opening of the fall season for years. I have *no real headache, less of everything that troubled me, far better digestion, less nervousness, better breathing, better feeling in general.*"

THE CITY MARKET.

What a wonderful arrangement is the city market for supplying the wants of the citizens. From reed birds to turkeys; from rabbits to beef; from bivalves to halibut; from scrapple to tongue; from salad to cabbage; from strawberries to apples; all the variety of eatables that appetite can crave or fancy desire are spread out before the thousands of purchasers to tempt them to fill their capacious market baskets.

But more wonderful is the arrangement of the human body that, having no choice as to which of these vegetables, meats, and fruits shall be put into it, will nevertheless accept any of them given to it, and from them select such particles and atoms as best suited to supply the waste of the thousands of organs, fibres, tissues, membranes, nerves, and bone which compose the human system. So perfect is the working of the human machine when in health, that the individual is not conscious of the digesting, the separating, the absorbing, the chemical changing, the depositing and building up that is going on continually while life lasts.

So manifold and minute are the workings of the human machinery that it would seem as if the complication of the ten thousand accidents, changes, and disturbances would derange, more or less, its delicate machinery, and thus throw the whole body out of order. It seems evident that the whole mechanism must be under some powerful attractive or controlling influence that tends continually to draw each working part towards its primal function. This may be termed the vital force. When the enemies of life become so numerous or so strong as to control the vital force, then will the human system yield, and in time life itself succumb to the overwhelming deadly forces.

(Name sent, if desired.)

(6 C., 378.)

"CORDOVA, MINN., December 1, 1886.

"I have delayed writing to see if there would be any change in the *heart trouble*. I think there is a great change for the better; not so much pain in the spleen; have not had the palpitation for five days; my *eyesight* has improved some; the *ringing in my ears* not so bad; *general health* much better. I can't tell you how thankful I am for your Treatment. I was one mass of misery when I commenced to use it, just two months ago. Now, I am almost free from pain, and the *fever* that I have had most of the time for twenty years has gone. There is a woman here who used Compound Oxygen, and it made her worse, then she quit it. Well, then was when she got fooled. I got worse for three weeks, and then began to improve.

"I wish to give you the results of a test I made with the Compound Oxygen. I have a boy twelve years old, who takes *cold* very easily, and is troubled with a *cough* winters, or has been. About two weeks ago he took a severe cold, and commenced to cough. I thought now is my time to try what the Compound Oxygen will do. He inhaled it three times, said he was well, and that is the last I have heard of his cold or his cough. I say that is better than two weeks' run of a cold, and then cough all winter. I have great faith in Compound Oxygen."

The greatest assistant to the vital force to reassert its supremacy by the testimony of many thousands of witnesses is the Compound Oxygen Treatment, manufactured by Drs. Starkey and Palen, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. They will send free to any who desire it a very interesting book of 200 pages upon this wonderful treatment.